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BENVENUTO CELLINI.

Memoirs of Benvenuto Cellini, a Florentine Artist; written by himself: containing a variety of information respecting the Arts and the History of the Sixteenth Century, with the Notes and Observations of G. P. Carpani. Translated by Thomas Roscoe, Esq. In two volumes, 12mo. N. York: Wiley & Putnam, 1845.

THIS is certainly a most curious and entertaining autobiography, though we can scarcely agree with Lord Walpole who is said to have pronounced it "more amusing than any novel." The overweening egotism of the writer which peeps out from almost every page, his malevolence towards many of his rivals and patrons, and his manifest *penchant* for the marvellous, to say nothing of the minuteness and tediousness of his details in matters often of little interest, are serious blemishes in his narrative. We would expect, and might willingly excuse, a certain amount of self-praise in an autobiography; but there are certainly bounds to this indulgence, and we are sorry to say that Cellini is in the habit of overstepping them. But this feature, however it may detract from the interest and merit of the work, is after all a very pardonable fault were it not coupled with another for which we can scarcely find any excuse. The author deals most unsparingly with almost all those who happened to differ with him in opinion, whether in matters of taste or of business. He calls his rivals in trade by the most opprobrious names; he often ascribes to them, and even to his generous patrons, the most unworthy motives; he seems to forget their past kindness in his momentary pique or abiding malevolence. It matters not how much they may have hitherto aided and befriended him; one act of neglect, one word of unkindness, one disagreement in a matter of taste, one failure to appreciate his labors, blots out the long catalogue of past favors, and transforms the benefactor into the enemy.

A man may, if he choose, write his own life, and boast his own achievements,

and the world may read, and even believe his narrative if it list; but we hold that he has no right to libel his cotemporaries, or to make his own little personal piques, jealousies, aversions, and quarrels the matter of history. And yet we are of the opinion that the Memoirs of Cellini owe their great popularity in England and in this country, as much at least to this censorious and carping spirit which disfigures them, as to any intrinsic merits they possess. Mankind seem to have an inherent love of gossip and slander, and the man who spreads out this banquet with the greatest bounty, especially if he serve up such delicate morsels as popes, cardinals, and bishops, is sure to cater well for the popular appetite. The good natured public, lured on by this palatable seasoning, will devour much food which were otherwise wholly insipid. Had Cellini written a sober narrative, dealing in facts as they were, and painting his cotemporaries in their true colors, we venture to say that both himself and his autobiography would have been long since buried in oblivion; or at least that the knowledge of himself and of his works would have been almost confined to Italy.

We would not be understood as wishing to detract from the merits of Cellini as a man and an artist; we speak of him only as a writer. But even in this latter capacity his work, notwithstanding the defects just noticed, is full of interest. It could not be otherwise. He lived in an age of great men; "there were giants in those days;" he was the cotemporary of such men as Popes Clement VII and Paul III, Duke Alessandro and Cosmo di Medici, Francis I and Charles V, Cardinal Bembo, Michael Angelo, Bandinello, Titian, Sansovius, and Julio Romano. He was thrown by circumstances into frequent contact with all these great men, not to mention many others almost equally illustrious; he speaks of their characters, of their taste, of their conversation and conduct in public and in private, of their appreciation of the fine arts, and of many other things concerning them too trivial for general history, yet of sufficient interest to be preserved for the amusement if not the instruction of mankind. His narrative embraces a little more than the first half of the sixteenth century, a period perhaps the most interesting in all history; a period which witnessed the rise and ephemeral triumph of Protestantism, the political convulsions in Germany and in Italy, the eventful wars of Francis I and Charles V, and the literary and artistic glory of the men who figured in "Leo's golden days." Italy then maintained an undisputed literary supremacy over the world, though at that very time the portion of Europe which was perhaps the least cultivated in refinement and the arts was constantly crying aloud against her ignorance, superstition, and darkness, mental, and moral, and religious!

Making all proper allowance for the personal vanity and the *ensifflage* of Cellini's autobiography, we must still admit that he was a very great man, one gifted with a genius which shone with almost dazzling lustre even in the brilliant age and country in which his lot was cast. He was a bright ornament to the schools of Tuscany and Rome, and he shed no little of his own lustre on the infant school of arts founded by Francis I in Paris. As a goldsmith, as a jeweller, as an enameller, as a chaser on gold, silver, and steel, as a striker of coins and medals, he perhaps greatly surpassed all previous artists; he, in fact, either created or thoroughly renovated many branches of these useful and ornamental arts. For taste, for elegance of design, and for neatness and beauty of finish, his works were deservedly popular in his own age; and such of them as have been preserved to the present day, are still admired, not only as curious antiques, but as specimens of most elaborate workmanship. But he was not content with the superior excellence to which he had attained in these several cognate arts; he aspired after nothing less than to rival Michael Angelo himself as a statuary.

He cultivated with unabated ardor the noble art of design, and, if we are to credit his own declarations, his colossal statue of Perseus, as well as some other of his works, surpassed those of all other cotemporary artists, Michael Angelo's alone excepted. To the transcendent genius of Michael Angelo even *he* deferred; he looked up to him as to some being of a higher sphere; he revered him as his master, and thought more of the smile of approval beaming from *his* face than of the smile of popes, kings, and emperors. The principal other artists, of whom he speaks in terms of unalloyed commendation, are Julio Romano and Titian, neither of whom, it appears, ever crossed his path or thwarted his purpose. Had they, or even had the great Michael Angelo done this, our word for it, they would have felt his sting, and would have dwindled down instantly into second-rate artists, or no artists at all.

The life of so extraordinary, and withal so eccentric a man as Benvenuto Cellini, can not fail to prove interesting to such readers of the Magazine as have not perused his memoirs for themselves. For the benefit of such, we will attempt a brief sketch of it, interspersed with such reflections as arose to our minds while reading his book. In doing this, we will follow his own narrative, which, though minute and detailed, we found by no means dull or insipid.

Benvenuto Cellini was born at Florence, of respectable parents, on the feast of All Saints, in the year 1500, at precisely half past 4 o'clock in the evening. His father, Giovanni Cellini, upon the infant being presented to him by the midwife, exclaimed: "Lord, I thank thee from the bottom of my heart for this present which is very dear and *welcome* to me." The child was hence called *Benvenuto*, which means *welcome*. This father was as great an original as his son afterwards proved to be. He had been for many years a distinguished worker in ivory, as well as an ingenious machinist and constructer of musical instruments, some of them on principles entirely new. During his advanced age, he gave himself up almost entirely to the cultivation of music; and no object was dearer to his heart than that Benvenuto should excel in playing on the flute. He applied him to it at a tender age, and, when the child gave any evidence of progress, the old man became ecstatic with delight. To satisfy this humor of his parent, Benvenuto did all he could to attain to excellence in flute playing, and not without some success, though he had little relish for music. His aspirations were much higher than to become even what his doting parent so fondly anticipated, the first musician in Italy. Feeling a strong inclination for the more refined mechanical arts, he prevailed on his father, after much entreaty, to bind him apprentice to a Florentine goldsmith and jeweller, named Antonio de Landro, or more commonly Marcone. His father consented to the arrangement, but with the solemn stipulation that his son should still devote some time each day to the flute.

He was progressing in his trade to the entire satisfaction of his master when he gave evidence of that impetuous and mercurial temperament which characterized him ever afterwards, and rendered his whole life so unhappy and unsettled. His younger brother, who had taken to the profession of arms, having got into a bloody affray in the streets of Florence, Benvenuto flew to the rescue; and, for their participation in the riot, both were banished for six months to a distance of ten miles from the city. An exile, he soon began that eventful career of the wanderer which he pursued almost to the end of his days. He repaired first to Sienna, then to Bologna, and subsequently to Pisa, in all of which cities he continued to work at his trade of goldsmith under eminent artists. On the expiration of his term of banishment he returned to Florence, and, after a severe spell of sickness, re-entered the shop of his old master, Marcone. He had now made so much progress in the art as to be able,

not only to support himself, but also to contribute greatly to the support of his aged father, and of a poor sister with a large family; and it reflects great credit on his heart that he never afterwards forgot them, even amidst his brightest fortunes, no matter where his lot happened to be cast, or how much the various courts of Europe vied with one another in rewarding him.

Burning with an ardent desire of excelling all others in his profession, he now applied himself to studying the noble art of design after the models which those eminent masters of the art, Michael Angelo and Leonardo da Vinci, had left in Florence. In order to prosecute his studies with still greater facilities, he repaired to Rome, in company with a gifted young artist named Tasso. Here he remained two years, dividing his time between study and a series of singular and often mad adventures, into which our space will not permit us to enter. Suffice it to say that, in general, throughout his life, he never appears to have turned aside from a quarrel, but, on the contrary, to have scented one from afar, and to have rushed into it *con amore*, merely for the sport of the thing. Something of this propensity may be ascribed to the troubled and unsettled condition of the age in which he lived; much more of it to his own hot temper and excitable nature. If we are to credit his own narrative, he had as many rencounters as the renowned Don Quixote himself, and with much more real and substantial antagonists, and he saw and conquered more men in buckram than even the redoubtable Jack Falstaff. We do not make this remark with a view wholly to discredit his account, which we believe to be in the main correct; but our impression is that, having written his memoirs when he was already advanced in life,* he gives abundant evidence not only of the garrulity of old age, but also of its glowing exaggerations when recounting the deeds done in youth.

* He began his Memoirs in 1558, and terminated them in 1566, in the 66th year of his age. Volume ii, p. 210.

On his return to Florence, he succeeded so well in his profession as to awaken the admiration of the polished Florentines, and to amuse the jealousy of his brother artists. The ill-feeling awakened between him and his rivals resulted in a bloody rencounter between him and Gherardo Guasconti, a cousin of one of them; and, for severely beating and wounding his antagonist, Cellini was compelled again to fly from Florence, disguised as a friar. He then repaired for a second time to Rome, where he soon distinguished himself in the double capacity of musician and goldsmith. He met with a noble patroness in the person of Signora Porzia Chigi, whose excellent taste, womanly virtues, and munificent encouragement of the arts, he extols to the skies. Pope Clement VII took him into his service both as a musician in the pontifical choir and as papal goldsmith, in which latter capacity he was subsequently employed in various works of importance. Introduced by a disciple of Raphael to the bishop of Salamanca, this prelate, who was a man of wealth and taste, employed him to execute a beautiful piece of plate. He performed his task with signal ability, but not so soon as his patron had expected. The latter was displeased at the delay, and was in no hurry to make payment. Meantime one of the bishop's Spanish friends accidentally broke the handle of the vase, and, to prevent its coming to the prelate's knowledge, flew with it to Cellini whom he entreated to repair it forthwith. The artist did so, but resolved to retain the plate until he had been paid in full for his previous labor. Hereupon ensued a serious affray between Cellini and the Spanish servants of the prelate, who attempted to break into his shop, and to carry off the vase by force. Their attempt was thwarted by the resolute defence of Cellini, and his friends who rallied to his assistance. The bishop chided his servants, and sent word to Cellini that he should be paid in full on restoring the vase. The author's description of his reception at the bishop's

palace, and of what happened there, is whimsical enough. We subjoin it as a specimen of his manner:

"There I made my appearance, Paulino following me close with the piece of plate. To make my way through the line of domestics was like passing through the signs of the zodiac; one of them looked like a lion, another like a scorpion, and a third like a crab, till at last we came into the presence of this revered prelate, who uttered the most priestlike, Spaniardlike words that I ever heard. All this time I never once looked at him, or so much as answered a single word; at which his lordship seemed to discover more resentment than ever, and, having ordered pen, ink, and paper, desired me to write a receipt. I then looked him full in the face, and told him that I would readily do so after I had received my money. The haughty bishop was then more exasperated than ever; but, in fine, after a great deal of scolding and hectoring, I was paid, and afterwards, having written an acquittance in full, left the place in high spirits. Pope Clement afterwards heard the whole affair," the author adds, "having first seen the piece of plate in question, though it was not shown him by me. He was highly pleased at what had happened, and said publicly that he entirely approved of my behavior, so that the bishop heartily repented what he had done."*

The author next quarrelled with Rienzo da Ceri, from whom he accepted a challenge to a duel. He vanquished his adversary, though without bloodshed. He then applied himself with signal success to the delicate art of engraving devices for seals, under the able master Lautizio. During the plague, which broke out about this time in Rome, he employed his leisure hours in reviewing and sketching the antiquities of the city. After the plague had subsided, he became a member of a grand society of artists organized in Rome under the presidency of Michelagnolo of Sienna. He describes some meetings and a grand entertainment of the society, at which the great Giulio Romano was present.†

Cellini now applied himself to the curious art of *damaskening* in steel and silver, on Turkish daggers, and also to making new devices for medals and settings for rings. Here, as in other things, his mechanical genius and fertile invention were crowned with complete success. But his indefatigable labors were constantly varied by singular adventures in which he manifested his fierce temper and indomitable courage. On one occasion he signalized himself by a brave defence against a whole band of armed adversaries.

The author was at Rome in 1527 when the duke of Bourbon, with his army of banditti and Lutheran vandals, laid siege to the city. He immediately took up arms, for which he seems to have had as great a relish as for the gentler arts. If we are to believe his own account, it was a ball from his arquebuse that killed the duke while he was in the act of scaling the walls of Rome. After the invaders had entered the city, the pope retired to the Castel Sant' Angelo, which held out for some time. Cellini acted as chief bombardier of the castle; and, by his skill and fatal precision in levelling the pieces, he greatly annoyed the enemy, and often thwarted their designs. The castle was finally surrendered by capitulation, and the pope publicly declared his indebtedness to the bravery and ability of Cellini.

Shortly afterwards, Cellini returned to Florence, where he succeeded in compromising with the magistrates for his past transgressions of the law. We next find him in Mantua where he met with Giulio Romano, who introduced him to the duke of that city. But his indiscretion soon made him depart abruptly from Mantua and return to Florence, where his heart was torn with anguish on finding that his father and many of his nearest relations had been swept off by the plague. He could not long remain amidst a scence of such desolation; he accepted the urgent invitation of the pope, and again repaired to the eternal city. The pontiff received him with great kindness, employed him in many difficult works in his profession, and appointed him engraver of the papal

* Vol. i, p. 47. † Ibid. p. 59, seqq.

mint. His success was so brilliant, and the encouragement of the pontiff so marked, that many artists of Rome began to envy him and to meditate his ruin. His shop was robbed, and he was calumniated before the pope as the maker of certain counterfeit coin which happened to be then in circulation. But he defended himself with address and eloquence, and the pope's confidence remained unshaken. Through the singular sagacity of his dog, which seized a man in the public streets of the city, and held him fast in spite of all efforts to disengage it, he discovered the villain who had robbed his shop, and recovered the articles which had been stolen. The pontiff next employed him in making a magnificent chalice to be borne in the papal procession. After some delay and consequent misunderstanding with his illustrious patron, he at length completed the chalice so as to give universal satisfaction. His enemies were, however, busy; and finally, through the representations of Pompeo of Milan, one of the pope's favorites, he lost his situation as engraver of the mint. Cellini subsequently worked himself into various difficulties and affrays, in one of which he had well nigh killed his adversary. He in consequence fled from Rome and repaired to Naples. Here he remained but a few days, having, through the kind intervention of the cardinal di Medici, obtained the pope's pardon and an invitation to return to Rome. He waited upon the pontiff, presented him with a fine medal which he had struck of him, and was again received into the papal service.

Paul III, the successor of Clement VII, continued to encourage the abilities of Cellini, and reinstated him in his old place of engraver of the mint. But believing that some of his enemies meditated his assassination, and dreading the punishment of the law for having killed Pompeo of Milan in a quarrel, he precipitately fled from Rome, and went to Florence. His reputation had preceded him to his native city, and Duke Alessandro received him with open arms. But before engaging in the duke's service, he stipulated that he must be allowed some time to visit Venice. He made the tour, and passed some days with that eminent colorist Titian, whom he justly eulogizes for his superior skill as a painter. During the journey he, as usual, met with a variety of adventures, and got into several affrays, from which, according to his own account, he came out decked with all the laurels of victory. His laurels were, however, sullied by a petty revenge he took on a tavern keeper near Ferrara. The only offence of this man was his having demanded the reckoning before his guests went to bed. Cellini boasts of having punished his insolence by privately ripping up his feather beds and doing damage to the amount of about fifty crowns.*

On his return to Florence, Duke Alessandro appointed him superintendent of his merit, and loaded him with honors. But Cellini's spirit was still restless, and on the invitation of Pope Paul III, who promised him pardon for past offences, he returned to Rome. Here he was taken dangerously ill, and on his recovery returned to Florence to breathe once more his native air. He did not, however, remain long in Florence, for he found the mind of the duke greatly prejudiced against him. He once more repaired to Rome, where the pontiff employed him in a curious piece of workmanship, which he designed presenting to Charles V, then on the point of visiting Rome. The author describes the brilliant pageant of the emperor's triumphal entry into Rome, and gives us the identical speech which he made before him on handing to him the pontifical present. He even relates that the emperor admitted him to a private interview, loaded him with praises, and engaged him to set a splended diamond intended as a present to the pope. But even here his fortune did not run smoothly; the imperial present intended for him

* Vol. 1, p. 177.

slipped into the hands of Signor Durante, his associate in making the papal presents to the emperor. He was the more annoyed at this, as, according to his account, Signor Durante was very awkward on the occasion, and did not know how to make a speech befitting the imperial ear.

Thinking himself neglected at Rome—where, however, he was daily loaded with favors—Cellini conceived the sudden resolution of visiting France. He accordingly set out with haste, accompanied by his apprentice Ascanio; and having passed through Florence, Bologna and Venice, he arrived at Padua, where he made some stay with Cardinal Bembo,* who showed him every possible attention. Resuming his journey, he passed through Switzerland and Lyons, and arrived safely at Paris. He was introduced to Francis I, at Fountainbleau, and was received with every demonstration of kindness. Francis I did every thing in his power to retain our artist at the French court; but having fallen sick at Lyons, to which city he had followed the royal retinue, he conceived a sudden disgust for France and every thing French, and set out with haste on his return to Italy! On his way, he met with a curious adventure in crossing a river, which we will lay before our readers in his own whimsical language:

"When we had passed the mountains of the Simplon above mentioned, we came to a river hard by a place called Isdevedro. This river was very broad and deep, and had a long narrow bridge over it without any rails. A considerable dew had fallen in the morning, so that when I came to the bridge, which was some time before the rest, I perceived it to be very dangerous: I therefore ordered my young men to dismount, and lead their horses. Thus I safely got over, and rode on, talking to one of the Frenchmen, who was a person of condition. The other, who was a scrivener, stayed behind us, and laughed at the French gentleman and me, for being so fearful about nothing as to take the trouble of walking. I turned about, and seeing him at the middle of the bridge, begged of him to come on cautiously, as the place was exceedingly dangerous; the other, keeping up to the national character of his country, told me, in French, that I was a poor timid creature, and that there was no danger at all. Whilst he uttered these words, he spurred his horse a little, which, instantly stumbling, fell by the side of a great stone: but, as God is merciful to fools, the stupid rider and his horse both fell into a great hole. As soon as I perceived this, I began to run as fast as I could, and with great difficulty got upon the stone; from this I hung suspended, and catching the border of the scrivener's cloak, pulled him up by it, whilst the water still ran from his nostrils; for he had swallowed a great quantity of it, and narrowly escaped being drowned. Seeing him at last out of danger, I congratulated him on his escape, and expressed my joy at having saved his life. He answered in French that I had done nothing at all, and the point of most importance was his having lost a bundle of papers to the value of many a score of crowns; and this he seemed to say in anger, being still wet, and his clothes all dripping with water. I turned about to our guides and desired them to help the fool, telling them I would pay them for their trouble. One of the men exerted himself to the utmost, and fished up his papers so that the scrivener lost nothing."*

Cellini passed through Ferrara, and finally reached Rome, where he was destined to meet with worse adventures than any that had heretofore fallen to his lot. The friends of Pompeo whom he had killed, the rivals whom he had eclipsed, together with Pier Luigi Farnese, the favorite of Paul III, had been all actively employed during his absence in prejudicing the mind of the pontiff against him.

To add to his other misfortunes, his own servant Perugio turned against him, and openly accused him of having taken and secreted large amounts of the papal treasure while Castel Sant' Angelo was besieged by the army of the Duke de Bourbon. While acting as bombardier in the castle, Cellini had been commissioned by Pope Clement VII, the predecessor of Paul III, to remove and secrete a large amount of valuable jewels in order to pre-

* He was not yet a cardinal.

* Vol. i, pp. 227-8.

vent them from falling into the hands of the enemy; and this circumstance had lent probability to the charge. Hence, very shortly after his arrival in Rome, he was arrested and conveyed a prisoner to the Castel Sant' Angelo. In an examination before the governor of the city, he made an eloquent defence; but still he could not persuade his judges of his innocence. He was remanded to prison for farther examination. The superintendent of the castle treated him with every possible kindness, notwithstanding the efforts of Pier Luigi to have him dealt with the utmost rigor.

Had he remained patient but for a short time, his innocence would no doubt have been fully established, and he would have been set at liberty. But his restless and feverish spirit could not brook the restraint of a prison. Finding that the intervention of the French court was ineffectual in procuring his release, he meditated an escape from the castle with the assistance of his boy Ascanio. So impetuous, however, was his temper, that he quarrelled with Ascanio very soon afterwards about the merest trifle, and even went so far as to forbid his appearance at the castle, though the affectionate youth came only to sympathize with his master. The keeper or constable of the castle was periodically troubled with a strange disorder which caused him to act in a most whimsical manner, and even sometimes, while the paroxysm was on him, like a madman. The old gentleman at those times was exceedingly nervous and suspicious, and one day he interrogated Cellini whether he had any intention to fly from the castle. Cellini thought to humor his fancy by assuring him that he intended to make a pair of wings, to wax them well, and to fly in earnest. The old man stood agape while his prisoner was dilating upon the structure of his wings, and the quality and quantity of the wax he intended putting on them; but finally awoke from his reverie, with the exclamation, that

"He knew Cellini had the cunning of the devil, and would avail himself of the opportunity to make his escape; so he was resolved to keep him locked up with a hundred keys, that he might not slip out of his hands."*

Yet Cellini contrived to effect his escape in a manner almost bordering on the miraculous. After having succeeded in picking the locks of his cell, he managed to lower himself from the battlements by means of slips of the sheets, which he had prepared for the purpose. After he had thus escaped from the inner prison, the difficulty was but half overcome; the outward walls and battlements were still to be passed; day was already beginning to dawn; and Cellini was not prepared with apparatus for surmounting so many unexpected barriers. Still, by taxing his ingenuity to the utmost, and making a desperate effort, he succeeded in making good his escape, not, however, without having broken his leg in the leap from the last battlement. Stunned by the fall, and smarting with the pain of his wound, he did not yet give way to discouragement or despair. Finding that he could not walk, he crawled along as best he could, till he at length prevailed on a water carrier to convey him on his beast of burden to the steps of St. Peter's church. Cardinal Comdro kindly received him into his house, where he lay concealed for some time, and had every attention and nursing which his condition required.

Shortly afterwards, the cardinal felt compelled to deliver him up to the pontiff, his place of concealment having transpired. He was again committed to the castle, and was treated with greater rigor than ever by the suspicious and half crazy constable, whose malady had been greatly increased by his prisoner's escape. Cellini was thrown into a dark room, where he suffered greatly, but only for a short time. However, when he asked for some books to dispel the tedium of his confinement, the constable sent him "a *Bible of his* (Cellini's) *in the vulgar tongue,*

* Vol. i, pp. 246-7.

with another book containing the chronicles of Villani." A Bible given to a prisoner to read *in the vulgar tongue*, by a papal constable in the centre of Rome, and in the middle of the sixteenth century!! How our revilers will stare when they read this passage in Cellini's memoirs!

Finding his case almost hopeless, our hero now gave himself up almost entirely to exercises of piety. He schooled his turbulent spirit down to a proper resignation to the divine will, and meditated with sweetness and tenderness on the sufferings of the blessed Saviour for the love of mankind. He prayed, meditated, contemplated the divine perfections, and sang psalms, all the day long. When he grew tired of singing and praying, he fell to writing, and composed a beautiful little poem, called the *Capitolo*, during his confinement. He even had visions and revelations, whether real or the creations of his own fervid fancy, we will not venture to pronounce. Though the extract is rather long, yet we are sure our readers will pardon us for laying before them his account of one of his visions, in which his speedy release was foretold. The description is one of the most graphic we have ever met with, and it proves that Cellini was an artist in writing as well as in other things.

"When the next morning came, I awoke at daybreak, almost an hour before sunrise; and, having quitted my wretched couch, I put on a waistcoat as it began to be cool, and prayed with greater devotion than I had ever done before. I earnestly entreated Christ that he would be graciously pleased to favor me with a divine inspiration, to let me know for what offence I was so severely punished; and since his divine majesty did not think me fit to behold the sun even in a dream, I besought him by his power and his goodness that he would at least deem me worthy to know the cause of such rigorous chastisement. When I had uttered these words, some invisible being hurried me away like a whirlwind to a place where he unveiled himself to me in a human form, having the figure of a youth with the first down upon his cheeks, and of a most beautiful countenance, on which a particular gravity was conspicuous. He remained with me, and showed me what was in that place, saying, 'those numerous men whom you see are all who have hitherto been born and died.' I then asked him why he brought me thither? To this he answered, 'come forward, and you will soon know the reason.' I had in my hand a dagger, and on my back a coat of mail; he led me through that spacious place, and, showing me those who travelled several ways to the distance of an infinite number of miles, he conducted me forward, went out at a little door into a place which appeared like a narrow street, and pulled me after him. Upon coming out of the spacious apartment into this street, I found myself unarmed, and in a white shirt, with my head uncovered, standing at the right of my companion. When I saw myself in this situation, I was in great astonishment, because I did not know what street I was in; so, lifting up my eyes, I saw a high wall in the front of a house, on which the sun darted his refulgent rays.

"I then said: 'Oh, my friend! how shall I contrive to raise myself so as to be able to see the sphere of the sun?' He thereupon showed me several steps which were upon my right hand, and bade me ascend them. Having gone to a little distance from him, I mounted several of those steps backwards, and began by little and little to see the approaching sun. I ascended as fast as I could in the manner above mentioned, so that I at last discovered the whole solar orb; and, because its powerful rays dazzled me, I, upon perceiving the cause of it, opened my eyes, and, looking steadfastly on the great luminary, exclaimed: 'Oh brilliant sun! whom I have so long wished to behold; henceforward I desire to see no other object, though the fierce lustre of thy beams quite overpowers and blinds me. In this manner I stood with my eyes fixed on the sun, and, after I had continued thus gazing for some time, I saw the whole force of his united rays fall on the left side of his orb; and the rays being removed, I, with great delight and equal astonishment, contemplated the body of the glorious luminary, and could not but consider the concentring of its beams upon the left as a most extraordinary phenomenon. I meditated profoundly on the divine grace which had manifested itself to me this morning, and thus raised my voice: 'O wonderful power! O glorious influence

divine! how much more bounteous art thou to me than I expected!' The sun, divested of his rays, appeared like a bath of purest melted gold. Whilst I gazed on this noble phenomenon, I saw the centre of the sun swell and bulge out, and in a moment there appeared a Christ upon the cross formed of the self-same matter as the sun; and so gracious and pleasing was his aspect than no human imagination could ever form so much as a faint idea of such beauty. As I was contemplating this glorious apparition, I cried out aloud: 'A miracle! a miracle! O God! O clemency divine! O goodness infinite! what mercies dost thou lavish on me this morning!' At the very time that I thus meditated and uttered these words, the figure of Christ began to move towards the side where the rays were concentred; and the middle of the sun swelled and bulged out as at first. The protuberance, having increased considerably, was at last converted into a figure of a beautiful Virgin Mary who appeared to sit, with her Son in her arms, in a graceful attitude, and even to smile; she stood between two angels of so divine a beauty that imagination could not even form an idea of such perfection. I likewise saw in the same sun a figure dressed in sacerdotal robes; this figure turned its back to me, and looked towards the blessed Virgin holding Christ in her arms.

"All these things I clearly and plainly saw, and, with a loud voice, continued to return thanks to the Almighty. This wonderful phenomenon having appeared before me for about eight minutes, vanished from my sight, and I was instantly conveyed back to my couch. I then began to make loud exclamations, crying out thus: 'It hath pleased the Almighty to reveal to me all his glory in a splendor which perhaps no mortal eye ever before beheld; hence I know that I am free, happy, and in favor with God. As for you, unhappy wretches, you will continue in disgrace with him. Know that I am certain that on All Saints' day, on which I was born in 1500, the night of the 1st of November, exactly at 12 o'clock—know, I say, that, on the anniversary of that day, you will be obliged to take me out of this dismal cell; for I have seen it with my eyes, and it was prefigured on the throne of God. The priest, who looked towards Christ and had his back turned to me, was St. Peter, who pleaded my cause, and appeared to be quite ashamed that such cruel insults should be offered to Christians in his house. (!) So proclaim it every where, that no one has any farther power to hurt me; and tell the pope if he will supply me with wax and paper to represent the glorious vision sent me from heaven, I will certainly convince him of some things of which he now appears to doubt."*

The prophecy certainly was fulfilled to the letter; but it detracts no little from its merits as a prophecy that it was written, if not made long after its verification. Cellini was liberated, chiefly through the mediation of the French court, and the representations of the cardinal of Ferrara, a great friend of his, who had just returned from Paris. In gratitude for the intervention of the French monarch in his behalf, Cellini accepted the pressing invitation of the cardinal of Ferrara, made in his name, and set out with him for France. He was, however, very near making his second stay in France as short as had been the first. The cardinal of Ferrara having offered him, on behalf of Francis I, the sum of three hundred crowns as his yearly salary, Cellini rejected the offer with scorn, and immediately determined to leave France, and actually set out on a pilgrimage to Jerusalem! But he was caught and brought back by the king's officers, and his salary was immediately raised to seven hundred crowns a year, the same that had been given to Leonardo da Vinci during his employment by the French court.

Cellini immediately set to work with great spirit in a palace of Paris which Francis had munificently bestowed on him. He did not, however, obtain peaceful possession of this palace until after he had driven out many of the tenants by main force, and engaged in many an affray, some of them dangerous and bloody enough. Madame D'Estampes, the king's mistress and favorite, whose vanity he had inadvertently wounded, did every thing in her power to annoy him, and to thwart his purposes. But Francis continued firm in his friendship for the artist, and showered down upon him every day some new marks of his favor. Cellini executed for him many curious pieces of workmanship in silver, among which was a remarkable

* Vol. ii, pp. 21—3.

saltcellar, and several statues of the gods and heroes of antiquity, besides several pieces of beautifully chased plate. Every thing was done to the entire satisfaction of the French monarch.

Space fails us to recount the various adventures our hero met with in France. Suffice it to say that the same headlong impetuosity characterized him here as elsewhere. He appealed to the sword on almost all occasions as most suitable for cutting the Gordian knot of controversy. Thus, Primaticcio, the Bolognese painter, having been pitted against him by Madame D'Estampes, he boasts of having actually frightened the man from France by his threats! Thus also, while a troublesome law suit was pending over his head, brought on by a tenant whom he had ejected from his palace, he, after having heartily abused the chicanery of the French courts, suddenly cut short the whole difficulty after his most approved fashion, in the manner following:

"The first that I attacked was the person who commenced that unjust and vexatious suit; and one evening I gave him so many wounds on the legs and arms, taking care, however, not to kill him, that I deprived him of the use of both of his legs. I then fell upon the other who had brought the cause, and treated him in such a manner as quickly caused a stop to be put to the proceedings."*

Though overwhelmed with bounty by Francis I, and though he had almost every thing in his own way in France, he still determined to return to Italy. One motive which hastened his return is highly creditable to his heart; he wished to relieve a poor widowed sister who had six little children. On his arrival in Florence, he found his sister and her children rejoiced at his return. The better to provide for them, he determined to accept the pressing invitation of Cosmo di Medici, the grand duke, and to make Florence his permanent abode. He did not, however, entirely give over his passion for travelling, but took frequent excursions to various parts of Italy.

* Vol. ii, p. 96.

Under the patronage of Cosmo, he now turned his attention almost entirely to design and statuary, in which he had a formidable rival in Bandinello. The rival artists often came into contact at the ducal palace, where they were both frequent visiters. On one of these occasions, he administered to Bandinello a terrible castigation in the form of a criticism on his Hercules; which critique we transcribe for the reader's amusement.

"The ingenious school of Florence," said I, "declares what follows: if the hair of your Hercules were shaved off, there would not remain skull enough to hold his brains. With regard to his face, it is hard to distinguish whether it be the face of a man or that of a creature between a lion and an ox; it discovers no attention to what it is about; and it is so ill set upon the neck, with so little art and in so ungraceful a manner, that a more shocking piece of work was never seen. His great brawny shoulders resemble the two pommels of an ass' pack saddle; his breasts and their muscles bear no similitude to those of a man, but seem to have been drawn from a sack of melons. As he leans directly against the wall, the small of his back has the appearance of a bag filled with long cucumbers; it is impossible to conceive in what manner the two legs are fastened to this distorted figure, for it is hard to distinguish upon which leg he stands, or upon which he exerts any effort of his strength; nor does he appear to stand upon both, as he is sometimes represented by those masters of the art of statuary who understand something of their business. It is plain too that the statue inclines more than one third of a cubit forward; and this is the greatest and most insupportable blunder which pretenders to sculpture can be guilty of. As for the arms, they both hang down in the most awkward and ungraceful manner imaginable. . . . . The right leg of Hercules and that of Cacus touch at the middle of their calves, and if they were to be separated, not one of them only, but both, would remain without a calf in the place where they touch: besides, one of Hercules' feet is quite buried, and the other seems as if it stood upon hot coals."*

No wonder that this and other similar castigations caused Bandinello, as the author asserts, to die of chagrin.

* Ibid. pp. 167-8.

Cellini now applied himself with his usual ardor to casting in bronze his colossal statue of Perseus. The feverish excitement under which he labored when on the eve of casting the figure, threw him into so violent a fever, that he thought he should certainly die in a few hours. But while his nurses were doing all they could to soothe his pains, and to cheer him up with the prospect of living yet many years, a messenger came to tell him that his workmen were spoiling his cast, and had already despaired of success. He forgot his fever and imminent death, leaped suddenly from his bed, huddled on his clothes, and flew in an instant to the spot, where he plied some of his workmen with words and others with blows, until he had communicated all his own ardor to them. His activity and skill retrieved their blunders, and his statue came out perfect except a part of one foot, exactly as he had predicted to the duke. Frantic with joy, he forgot his previous illness, gave over all fear, and submitted to be twitted by his house-keeper on the fears of imminent death which he had expressed but a few hours before. To thank God for his brilliant success he went on a pilgrimage of a week to Vallombrosa and other places of solitude and piety.

We regret that we can not lay before our readers many other facts and traits in the character of this extraordinary man. [illegible]ce is already filled up, and we must break off almost as abruptly as our author does himself in his "Memoirs." We leave the appreciation of his character to our readers. All, we think, will agree with us that he possessed extraordinary genius, as varied as it was extraordinary. He cultivated as many branches as his great master, Michael Angelo, himself; and he succeeded to perfection in whatever he undertook. He was almost as great a proficient in gunnery and fortification, as he was in chasing in silver and gold, in seal and coin engraving, and in the art of design. Many of his exquisitely wrought works are still preserved among the royal family plate at Windsor castle in England and elsewhere; and many more might have been preserved for the admiration and instruction of even the present age of mechanical skill, had they not been chiefly wrought in the precious metals, which are often changed from plate into coin, their intrinsic value being often more highly estimated than their extrinsic ornaments.

As to the moral character of our hero, every one can estimate it from the facts we have given; but we believe that many of his defects may be fairly traced to the unsettledness of the times, and the turbulent spirit of the age in which he lived. We are willing to lose sight of his faults in our admiration for his talents; and in doing so, we do but imitate the popes, cardinals, and Catholic princes who so liberally patronized him.

CONFESSION OF PRIESTS.

Banner of the Cross, February 28, 1846.

OUR readers may recollect that we expressed, in our last number, a willingness to maintain a controversial intercourse with our neighbor and friend, the editor of the *Banner of the Cross*, whenever he should give us a fair opportunity of doing so. Since he has given us again an opportunity of this kind, by inserting in his columns a new attack against the doctrines and practices of the Catholic church, he must not wonder that we show ourselves ready to repel this new charge with as much earnestness and zeal as we did the preceding, and, as far we are able, to his utmost satisfaction.

The subject now before us is confession, not that general confession which we make to Almighty God in the secret of our hearts, acknowledging before him that we are sinners; but that special declaration of our sins which we make to his lawful minister in the tribunal of penance, or, as it is usually called, *auricular*, and still more properly, *sacramental confession*. Protestants at large, and the editors of the *Church London Magazine* and of the *Banner of the Cross* in particular, deny the necessity and divine origin of this practice; Catholics maintain both. On each side, as far as the statement goes, there is a perfect consistency of doctrine; on the one hand, denial of the power of priests to forgive sins, and of the necessity of sacramental confession; on the other, admission of the forgiving power, and of the divine origin and necessity of confession. But, as we have already proved, in a previous article, that our opponents are manifestly wrong in rejecting the power of priests to forgive sins, so there is every reason to believe that they are also in the wrong to reject sacramental confession, and that their consistency in this regard is merely a consistency of error, whereas that of Catholics is a consistency of truth.

The author or compiler of the extract before us, follows, in his attack upon confession, exactly the same plan which he pursued in his attack upon the forgiving power. We, on the contrary, both for the sake of variety and for a greater facility and connection of reasoning, shall follow, in refuting him, a somewhat different, though not less plain and satisfactory method. In order not to interrupt the course of our arguments, we will show, in the first place, all the mistatements or mistakes of our adversaries about the real sense of Scripture, the interpretation of tradition, and their appeal to ecclesiastical history on the subject of which they undertake to treat. Afterwards we will exhibit at full length, and in one continued series, the principal evidences of the Catholic dogma and practice of sacramental confession.

The extract presented to our consideration by the *Banner of the Cross* begins in this manner:

"CONFESSION OF PRIESTS.—*Scriptures.*—And Joshua said unto Achan, My son, give, I pray thee, glory to the Lord God of Israel, and make confession unto him. Joshua vii, 19. Confess your faults *one to another*, and pray for one another, that you may be healed. James v, 16. If we confess our sins, God is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness. 1 John i, 9. I acknowledge my sin unto thee, and my iniquity have I not hid. I said, I will confess my transgressions unto the Lord, and thou forgavest the iniquity of my sin. Ps. xxxii, 5. I will arise and go to my Father, and will say unto him, Father, I have sinned against heaven, and before

thee, and am not worthy to be called thy son. Luke xv, 18, 19."

Here we have five texts to consider, viz., two (the first and fourth) from the Old Testament; two other (the second and third) from the Epistles of St. James and St. John; and one (the last of all) from the parable of the prodigal son, related in the fifteenth chapter of the Gospel according to St. Luke.

The two first prove evidently nothing against us. For we do not maintain that sacramental confession existed in the old law, but that it has been instituted by Christ in the new. Now the passages just alluded to refer, both of them, to the times and state of the old law, in which we agree that the sacramental confession was not yet in existence. How, then, can they prove any thing against our doctrines which regards exclusively the times and state of the Christian church?

As to the words of St. James and St. John, instead of being contrary, they may be adduced as greatly favorable to the Catholic dogma of confession. The text of St. James should be taken in its connection with the two preceding verses, where mention is made, not, as our opponents would have it, of *elders* by reason of age, but of the priests of the church, or men purposely consecrated and appointed to exercise, among the faithful, the sacred functions of the ecclesiastical ministry.* This being presupposed, the natural import of these words of St. James, *confess your sins one to another*, must be: confess your sins, not only to God who knows every thing, but also to those who are your fellow men by nature, although they are placed over you by their office and dignity; that is, to those same priests who are to be called for, and brought in to the sick. (Ch. v, 14.) This is what St. Peter also intimates in more general terms: "As every man," says he, "hath received grace, ministering the same one to another."† Moreover, to make one's confession to persons who had no power to forgive sins, would be useless. Hence the words of St. James mean, in all probability, that we must confess to men whom God has appointed, and who, by their ordination and jurisdiction, have received the power of remitting sins in his name.

The same may be said of the parallel text, quoted from the first Epistle of St. John. This passage, upon mature examination, not only does not so much as insinuate the Protestant system, but is rather well calculated to impress the Catholic doctrine on confession; not only it does not mention that we ought to confess our sins to God alone, it rather gives us to understand the contrary. For the words of the apostle suppose a previous promise on the part of God to forgive the sins of those who confess them: "If we confess our sins," says he, "*God* is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all iniquity."* Now we do not read any where in the whole Scripture, and much less so in the New Testament, under whose ordinances we are, that Almighty God has promised to pardon those who should confess to him alone. We know, on the contrary, that he has promised to remit sins through the ministry of his priests, to whom he said, in the persons of the apostles: "Whose sins you shall forgive, they are forgiven them;"† and "whatsoever you shall loose upon earth, shall be loosed also in heaven."‡ It is, therefore, by granting pardon to the repenting sinners who have recourse to the ministry of the priests, and confess their sins to them, and not otherwise, that our Lord shows himself faithful and just in his promises.

In fine, the words of the prodigal son, mentioned in the Gospel of St. Luke, unite in themselves the two-fold disadvantage of our opponents, first, of being totally unserviceable to their cause, and secondly, if these words prove any thing, of affording a new argument against their

* See Acts xiv, 22, and xv, 2. 1 Tim. iv, 14, and v, 17. Tit. i, 5.—1 Pet. v, 1—4. † 1 Pet. iv, 10.

* 1 John i, 9. † John xx, 23. ‡ Matt. xviii, 18.

doctrine. In the first place, they can be of no service to the Protestant cause; because they are taken only from a parable, and from one, too, which was uttered before the institution of the sacrament of penance. Afterwards, if they prove any thing on the present subject, that is, if they have any reference to the manner in which Almighty God wishes to forgive repenting sinners in the new law, they are undoubtedly for the defenders, and not for the adversaries, of confession. In fact, the prodigal son, who is the object of that parable, did not confess his guilt to God only, but he confessed it also to a man who had power to remit the offence committed, namely, to his father and judge,* and this is exactly what takes place among Catholics, between the repenting sinners and the priest, who, in his quality of minister of God, is their spiritual father, physician and judge, in the tribunal of penance.

Thus, independently of the direct proofs of sacramental confession, taken from Scripture, the recourse which our opponents have to the same sacred source in favor of their own system, is nothing more nor less than a complete failure. The texts which they adduce—and we may safely depend that they adduce the best they can find—either do not belong to the question, or may be turned against themselves.

Equally unsuccessful is their appeal to the holy fathers; an appeal which we give, as usual, in their own words.

"*Fathers.*—Let every one examine *himself*, and then let him come (to the sacrament). He doth not bid one man examine another, but every man himself, making the judgment private, and the trial without witnesses. St. Chrysostom, Hom. 28. Within thy conscience, *none being present* but God, who seeth all things, enter thou into judgment and into a search of thy sins; and, recounting thy whole life, bring thy sins into judgment in thy mind; reform thy excesses, and so with a pure mind draw near to the sacred table and partake of that holy sacrifice. St. Crys. tom. 6. Savil., page 837. After baptism God hath appointed the remedy within thyself; he hath put remission in thine own power, that thou needest not seek a priest when thy necessity requires; but thou thyself, now as a skilful and plain master, mayest amend thine error within thyself. Laurence, bishop of Novara, tom. 6, Biblioth., Patr. 1, page 337. Edith. Colon."

All the authorities adduced by our author against sacramental confession are, then, two in number, viz: St. John Chrysostom, and Laurence, bishop of Novara! For, we do not suppose that, though he quotes the former twice, and with some difference of spelling in his name, he intends to count him for more than one father. This would be a controversial trick, too unworthy of a grave chaplain, to suspect even ever so little, that he intended to indulge in it. As to Laurence, bishop of Novara, he is hardly ever reckoned among the fathers of the church; his writings are very little known, and he himself is so little celebrated as an author, that there exists a doubt whether he lived in the sixth or in the tenth century.

But the principal question is, first, whether both the bishops of Novara and the illustrious bishop of Constantinople can be justly advocated by our opponent in support of his system; and secondly, whether there are no other fathers or doctors than these two, who have written on the subject of confession.

To the first part of this question, we answer in the negative. The author of the extract before us alleges but two authorities in his behalf, and he has no just claims even to these very limited testimonies, particularly to the testimony of St. John Chrysostom, which is by far the weightier of the two. This holy doctor, instead of being favorable to the Protestant system, has against it numerous and overwhelming passages, which shall be cited afterwards in their proper place. In those alleged by our adversary, St. John Chrysostom excludes, indeed, the obliga-

* See the whole narrative in St. Luke, ch. xv, especially verses 18 and 21.

jon of having recourse to public confession, but not the obligation of confessing one's sins to God's minister in the tribunal of penance. Here, in fact, the priest holds the place of God, and, owing to the inviolable law of the secret of confession by which he is bound, the fact of declaring one's sins to him is the same as if they were declared to God alone. Hence, in the Greek Eucology (ritual), published by F. Goar, the confessor is directed thus to address his penitent:

"Brother, for what reason hast thou come to God and to me? Do not fear; for it is not to me exactly, but to God in whose presence thou standest, that thou declarest thy sins."

This, and no other, is the meaning of St. John Chrysostom, as plainly appears from his own words; for instance, when he says:

"Declare your sins yourself first, that you may be justified. *Why are you ashamed of confessing them?* Do you say them to a man, *that he may load you with affronts and ignominy?* Do you make your confession to a fellow mortal, *that he may divulge and proclaim it?* No; you disclose your wounds to the Lord, to him who has care of you, who is kind and is your physician."*

What need would there be to guard penitents against a false shame, if they were to make their confession only to God, and not also to the priest who holds his place, and who is their physician in the sacred tribunal? Hence the ministry of the priest is not excluded, but merely the necessity of trial by witnesses, or of public confession leading to affronts and ignominy; as the same holy doctor says again:

"Let us make a special research and enumeration or declaration of our sins; but I do not tell you to declare them in public."†

The reader may already judge from these few words, how groundless is the hope entertained by our adversaries, of having St. John Chrysostom on their side.

* De Lazaro, Concion. 4a. in edition. Benedictin. Vol. i, p. 757.

† Hom. xxxi, in Epist. ad Hebr.

Their claim upon Laurentius, bishop of Novara, is equally unfounded. The context of the passage cited above, shows that this prelate merely intends to deny the necessity of a second baptism for the remission of sins. He first supposes, that the repenting sinners ask whether they can and must be baptized again to recover their innocence—*Numquid me recipiet adhuc unda, ut me reformet in utero aqua et pariat innocentem? Aut fortè quærere debeo adhuc dexteram sacerdotis quæ me mergat in fontem, et indè iterùm purificet?* To these questions he returns a negative answer, and states that there is no need to look after a priest for the purpose of a second baptism; which is perfectly true, without at all denying the divine precept of confession and the necessity of the sacrament of penance. When he adds, after this,

"Thou thyself, as a skilful and plain master, may amend thy error—God hath appointed the remedy within thyself, he hath put remission in thine own power,"

He says nothing more than what Catholic orators often say from the pulpit, when they extort the people to amend their error by a sincere conversion, and wash away their sins by tears of repentance, without in the least excluding the precept and necessity of confession to be made in due time to the priests, a precept which our orators justly suppose to be already well known to all their hearers, and by all unhesitatingly admitted. Such exactly was the case with the bishop of Novara, when, fully unaware of the future cavils of Protestants, he wrote his first homily on penance.

Thus the only two authorities, upon which our controversial opponent so much relied, have slipped, like water, from his hands. And now it would be useless to ask him again why he did not quote more from ancient authors: the reason is obvious, he had no more to quote. Not, indeed, because only two wrote on the subject of confession and remission of sins committed after baptism, but because the

whole array of the holy fathers and doctors is against the Protestant, for the Catholic, cause. This we intend to prove at large, in our next number, from their own explicit testimonies. For the present, let us hasten to our author's last paragraph, the most replete of the three with historical and theological mistakes.

"*Error when introduced.*—Public confession of sins used to be made before the congregation, for the greater humiliation of penitents, till the Decian persecution; but owing to the necessity of secrecy being observed in those times at these assemblies, a discreet minister was appointed to hear privately the confessions of those who relapsed into sin. . . The practice of private confession to priests was abolished by Nectarius, bishop of Constantinople, in 140 years afterwards, when the examination of a man's own conscience and confession to God was pronounced sufficient. This usage continued. After a lapse of seventy years, we find public confession often made by penitents in Italy, who caused a writing containing a catalogue of their various offences to be read in public. Leo, then bishop of Rome, A. D. 459, commanded this practice to be disused, and pronounced it to be sufficient that the guilt of men's consciences should be declared in secret confession to the priests alone. From this period we may therefore date the rise of auricular confession, which by degrees acquired its present unscriptural character. The practice was deemed doubtful by the council of Cabilonense (*i. e.* Chalons sur Saone) in France, A. D. 813; and was first determined by the council of Lateran, under Pope Innocent III, A. D. 1215. So long was it after Christ before this notion prevailed.—*Church Magazine.*"

The perusal of this passage may have already shown to attentive readers the truth of what we have just asserted concerning its author. It is chiefly (as usual) when he undertakes to point out the date of an innovation which never took place, about a revealed truth and practice which he ventures to call error, that he confounds all notions, denies what is true, maintains what is false, shows his utter deficiency in historical knowledge, and commits numberless inaccuracies. So numerous, indeed, do they appear, that it hardly ever fell to our lot to see as many within the same narrow compass, and that we almost despair, for want of either time or paper, of being able to do them full justice.

1. We see it supposed, in the beginning of the paragraph just cited, that public confession of sins was known and practised in the primitive church, before the use of private confession took place. The truth is just the reverse; private confession, made to the bishop or priest, was practised from the beginning. What the pastors of the church established about the time of the Decian persecution, was the office of penitentiary, or priest appointed in great cities to preside over public penance and public penitents; whence came his own name of *penitentiary.** Even before this, it is true, fervent Christians sometimes accused their sins publicly in the assembly of the faithful, but, whether before, or during, or after the institution of the penitentiary, the public confession of certain crimes, instead of excluding the sacramental or private confession of all deadly sins to the bishop or priest, on the contrary supposed it to have been previously made, and was regulated by it. All this, and especially the primitive use of sacramental confession, as being necessary by divine right, will be amply demonstrated afterwards by the unanimous testimony of the fathers.

2. Concerning the fact of Nectarius, bishop of Constantinople, we absolutely deny that he abolished the practice of private confession to priests. All that he could, and did abolish in his diocess, was the office of the public penitentiary, one which was of merely ecclesiastical institution, as we have just stated, and which had lately given occasion to loud complaints among the people. When, therefore, Socrates and Sozomenes add, (not

* See the ancient historians, Socrat. b. v, c. 19; and Sozom. b. vii, c. 16, both of whom describe the penitentiary as presiding over those who were called penitents, and over their course of penance.

exactly what is reported in the extract,) but "that each one was left to himself and his own conscience to approach the holy mysteries," they mean nothing more than that the faithful were freed henceforth from the control of the penitentiary, and from public confession. Otherwise, these two historians would be in contradiction with themselves. In effect, Socrates speaks only of the suppression of open disclosure and rebuke;* and Sozomenes acknowledges moreover the divine precept and absolute necessity of confession to be made to those who have the power of granting the remission of sins.† Therefore, sacramental confession was not suppressed by Nectarius. Besides, should he have attempted to do so, what could he have done beyond the limits of his diocess or province, and in so many other parts of the church over which he had no jurisdiction? What could have been the result of his attempt with regard to Constantinople itself, except to put that city at variance with all the other parts of Christendom both in the east and west? Whereas it is certain, from the ancient councils, penitential books, and constant belief of the Greeks, that sacramental confession continued to be practised after the suppression of the penitentiary, as it had been before, and as well in Constantinople as any where else.

3. The fact of St. Leo does not prove at all, as our opponents would have it, the rise of private confession at that time, since this great pope, in two of his letters, (the 140th and the 86th ed. of Cacciari,) speaks of the practice as already existing and being necessary by divine right. But it proves, what we have repeatedly said, that *public confession*, a practice of ecclesiastical origin, after having obtained for some ages, was discontinued by the same canonical authority by which it had been instituted; whilst *sacramental confession*, established by Christ, has remained and subsisted at all times. Hence, nothing can appear more strange than the theory of our Episcopalian editors, about the pretended rise and progress, and final prevalence, during the lapse of ages, of a practice which existed and was fully admitted from the beginning of Christianity.

4. Their next assertion about the second council of Chalons-sur-Saone, is at the same time so false and yet so positive, that we can not resist the temptation of giving immediately the words of that council. "This," say the fathers, "we have perceived to need amendment, that some, whilst they confess their sins to the priests, do not confess them entirely. Since man is composed of two substances, soul and body, and, as such, sometimes offends by interior consent, and, at other times, by the frailty of the flesh, a diligent examination and full declaration of both ought to be made, so that the penitent should confess equally the sins committed by corporal actions, and those which were committed in thought only."* Thus spoke the council which is said by our opponents to have deemed auricular confession a doubtful practice!

5. We reach, at last, their concluding and most curious mistake. After hearing them say that private confession was introduced about the time of the Decian persecution, (A. D. 250,) and that however it took its rise, two centuries later, from a decree of pope St. Leo, we are now told by themselves, and within the short space of the same paragraph, that "it was first determined by the council of Lateran, under Pope Innocent III, (A. D. 1215.) We shall not ask how that practice could be *first* determined by the council of Lateran, which, long before, had been decreed by Pope St. Leo; and again, how it could have been started by this pontiff in the fifth century, after having been instituted in the third; we content ourselves with admiring the strong faith of our Episcopalian editors, which can recon-

* *Ita ut delicta sua invicem amplius non coarguant.*—Socrat. l. v. c. 19.

† *Cum pœnitentibus veniam dare Deus præceperit, cumque in petenda venia peccatum necessario confiteri oporteat, etc.*—Sozom. l. vii, c. 16. Translat. of Henri de Valois.

* Conc. Cabill. ii, can. 32.

cile and admit, for the same identical object, so many successive institutions, each one of which was the first. The truth is, that sacramental confession or confession made to the priests, was neither first determined by the council of Lateran, nor first decreed by Pope St. Leo, nor first introduced about the time of the Decian persecution—but it preceded—the council of Lateran and Pope St. Leo, and the persecution of Decius, and every other event subsequent to the first origin of Christianity, having been instituted by Christ himself, "the author and finisher of faith."* This is what we are now going to prove by every sort of argument and authority, ascending from the epoch of the great council of Lateran, in 1215, to the earliest ages of the church, and from thence to the very time of our Saviour's public life on earth.

* Hebr. xii, 2.

TO BE CONTINUED.

NEVER TOO LATE.

BY ROBERT R. J. PRICE.

'Tis never too late! If the one spark, that flickered
Within the deep glades of the forest's dark wild,
Enkindled a fire from whose ashes uprising,
In ages thereafter, a nation hath smiled,
Why harden thy heart in its inmost recesses,
Thus stifle each feeling—grow callous to Fate?
In thy soul's darkened chamber Faith's embers are burning,
Oh! fan them to brightness—'tis never too late!

Hath the strong man of earth, in the might of his power,
Oppressively crushed thee—made bankrupt thy name?
Or the slanderer's whisper, its poison instilling,
In secret maligned thee, and blasted thy fame?
Let not thy vindictiveness, mastering reason,
Be nurtured for ever in bitterest hate;
Forgiving—forgiven—oh! rather be breathing
A prayer for his spirit!—'tis never too late!

When time's drooping wings to inaction have folded,
And heavy the sound of the soul's passing bell,
Yet, yet may the tear of contrition be started,
In silence betraying what tongue can not tell.
Impenitence closes the portals of heaven,
Repentance alone can unloosen the gate,
Oh! why wilt thou perish? Knock—knock for admission,
The thief on the cross found it never too late!

NEW YORK, *July*, 1846.

PÉRE JEAN, OR THE JESUIT MISSIONARY.

A CATHOLIC STORY FOUNDED ON FACTS.

(Continued from page 437.)

CHAPTER X.

The Torture.

IMMEDIATELY after the breaking up of the council, the Mohawks began their preparations for the coming festival. Four stakes were planted in front of the lodge, and piles of fagots were gathered in the forest. At a little distance beyond the first, four other stakes were placed, to which the prisoners, whose fate was postponed, were to be bound, that they might witness the agony of their brethren, and suffer, themselves, in anticipation. The youths of the village now commenced to gather about the lodge, in order to enjoy the preliminary torture, which was permitted them for their own especial amusement, and to practise them in the ways of cruelty. This sometimes endured until taken part in by the braves, when it did not cease until death brought relief to the victim. Leloup and Father Laval were brought forth and tied to two of the stakes, and the clamorous mob hovered around them, pelting and annoying them in a thousand ingenious modes of petty torture. They soon, however, became more systematic, and, drawing off to a little distance, practised upon their living targets, with the bow and arrow, and the tomahawk. Leloup stood up with the proud and fearless bearing of the warrior, his steady eye gleaming unmoved upon the flashing weapon, as, hurled from the skilful hand, it grazed his temple, and sank quivering into the post behind him. Another and another threw; it was a desperate game, in which the winner was he who came nearest to death without touching life. Father Laval endured with the meekness and patience of the martyr; his eyes upturned to heaven, he dared not look upon the hand that threw the coming weapon. Kiohba, the Mohawk, stretched out upon the soft turf, watched the youthful tormenters with quiet enjoyment, occasionally suggesting to them some new mode of increasing the sufferings of the victims. At length, as his appetite for cruelty became excited, he arose, and, seizing one of the tomahawks, drew back and hurled it at the Jesuit. The weapon whistled through the air, and struck the post by his temple, driving a lock of his hair into the wood. A shout of delight arose from the crowd at this evidence of skill, and Kiohba, raising another weapon, aimed a second time at the priest. It struck upon the other side as truly as the first, and the victim stood drawn back to the post by his own hair. Renewed applause broke from the youths, and each one endeavored to emulate the skill of the warrior. After some time they grew tired of their sport, and the prisoners were permitted for awhile to remain unmolested.

As the crowd drew away from the spot, the figure of a maiden glided silently to the side of the Jesuit, and, offering a cooling draught to his parched lips, bathed his brow, which the intense excitement had caused to throb with feverish pain.

"Stranger from over the far waters, Morning Flower thought once to avenge upon thee the wounds of the Young Eagle. But blackgown has pardoned the wrongs

of the Mohawk girl. Thou hast told us of the glory of forgiving and loving our enemies—Tulhasaga, thou art the enemy of the Mohawks, but Morning Flower doth not hate thee."

"Heaven bless thee, my child, and lead thee, through the merits of Him who died upon the cross, to the way of salvation, preserving thee from trials and sufferings," said the Jesuit sadly, but fervently.

The Indian girl placed herself upon the grass, and looked up into his face affectionately, as if to a father, and said, as she caught the mournful expression upon the countenance of the priest:

"Blackgown, thou hast told me that each one shall bear his cross, as the Saviour, of whom thou speakest, bore his. Blackgown, thou art bound unto thy cross!"

In a moment, the sad expression passed from the features of the Jesuit, and, with a holy enthusiasm, he exclaimed:

"Oh God! in the midst of sorrow and tribulation, thou dost send down consolations unspeakable to thy servant; by the mouth of this wild maiden, thou hast uttered to me words of sweet and saving import; thou hast strengthened me; thou hast consoled. Oh! how happy to bear my cross, to suffer—to suffer for thy sake! Gentle maiden—woman still! woman who did not shrink from the cross and its ignominy, from the shouts and curses of the crucifier! woman, still the faithful and the pure, and the unswerving! woman, the holy, holy from the holiness of the stainless mother, pure from the purity of the immaculate, gentlest of God's creatures—it was given to thee to be the angel of mercy and the comforter of the afflicted. Kind maiden, thou hast soothed the sad spirit; may the mother most pure, the ennobler of thy sex, the ever virgin, intercede for thee."

And then the spirit of the captive seemed wrapt in meditation, and he stood, with eyes cast upwards, and lips moving stilly. A holy and tranquil glow crept softly over the face of him who awaited a death of horrible torture. Sweetly it grew upon that countenance, the beam of prayer, and hope, and joy, spreading from feature to feature, till nothing of earth was left. Upwards, upwards soared the soul upon the wings of love; upwards until it seemed already to be mingling its whispered orisons with the seraphic choir. Hast thou looked upon the sunlight stealing gently o'er a shadowed spot? Hast thou marked the sombre cloud disperse, until nothing but the glad skies looked down upon thee? Hast thou watched the shrouding mist vanish, or the pale hue of sickness brighten into the red glow of health? Thus fled sorrow and sadness from the captive's face.

The untutored maiden looked in wonder on the change wrought, as it were, by one unconscious word. Here she sat, looking fondly up to that glorious, heavenly face, catching from its pure mirror a reflection of holy thought. Unconscious the Jesuit stood, visions of bliss hovered around him; the gentle zephyr that fanned his cheek seemed beaten on by the wings of seraphs; joyous songs broke upon his ear, and clouds of incense floated sweetly over his wrapt senses. Death and torture were before him, but heaven was above him; could he look downwards to the earth and its fleeting torments? O wonderful mission of Christianity! that which came upon earth to raise man far above the very sublimest idea of the heathen God, to inspire him with thought above the power of mortality, to give him a life which death could not extinguish—a life beyond and above this earth—a ray of the Spirit of God. Still unmoved the Jesuit stood, his head thrown back and resting upon the stake, his body supported by the cords which bound him, every function slumbering, every energy absorbed. He was in truth only an imprisoned soul. Welcome the knife, welcome the torture, welcome death by fire, by steel, by slow delay, for the spirit is away upon its wings, al-

ready soaring in pre-enjoyment with the blessed. What are a few short hours of suffering to the eternity of such bliss? Oh yes! *now* welcome death; for thou canst only be the usher of eternal life!

Like the shadow, when the sunbeam has passed, came back the thought of earth to the soul of the priest. A deep sigh broke from his half closed lips:

"How long! O Lord! how long!"

Awe-stricken sat the simple Indian maiden, as she gazed upon that countenance effulgent with ineffable happiness, glowing with unearthly beauty. With parted lips and fixed eye, she gazed reverently—for woman, blessed as the instrument of the great blessing to man, catches intuitively the beam of heaven's light, and reflects it in her soul.

"Mary—!" exclaimed the Jesuit, and the broken aspiration was finished unheard.

"Mary!" repeated the Indian maiden, in her soft and musical accents. "Mary!" There was prayer in that whispered word—prayer of the soul—and it arose from the wild heart of the untutored Indian—from the soul of the ecstatic priest—"Mary!"

At that moment, came swelling from the prison house of the captive Hurons, the sound of a Christian hymn. From deep stern voices came it, but the melody was sad and plaintive, and varied with the varying measure of the rude, unpolished verse.

Hear mother, hear!
Hear, queen of the bright and blessed!
Now that death is near,
The prayer to thee addressed!
Hear, for the day is flying,
And thy poor children, sighing,
Beseech thy aid in dying.
Hear mother, hear!

Mother of mercy, hear!
The sun on earth is sinking;
With mingled hope and fear,
Thy children's hearts are shrinking;
Mother, heed the suffering child,
Beaten, wounded, bruised, reviled,
Tortured in the forest wild.
Mother, mother hear!

Mother, by his blood!
Mother, by thy tears and sorrow,
By the earth's redeeming wood,
Aid us in our strife to-morrow!
Win from thy all conquering Son,
By the triumph he has won,
Grace and strength to gain our own.
Mother, mother hear!

Softly hushed the sound of prayer, and the notes died away, but the still form of the Indian girl scarce moved—waiting for the deep-toned music to awake again. It came not, and she murmured in the air, "Mother, mother hear!"

The haughty bearing of Leloup had passed away; the keen eye, that had gazed unmoved upon the flashing tomahawk, was dimmed and softened; his head rested upon his breast. He was wrapt in prayer. He was the savage warrior no longer, but the Christian.

At length, from the council lodge came faintly swelling the voice of the young novice, and alternately responding the full chorus of the Hurons. They were reciting the litany. Sadly struck the tones of his young companion's voice upon the ear of the Jesuit. They were weak and tremulous. Morning Flower listened—was it the warrior's death song? Never before, in the villages of her tribe, had such chant been raised by those who were about to die. The Jesuit and Leloup joined in the responses, and the solemn "*Miserere nobis*" rose distinct and clear. The maiden hung in wrapt attention on the alternate sounds of many voices mingling in heartfelt prayer. Thus passed the autumn sunset.

Ahasistari sat alone in his rocky hiding place. Ever and anon he cast a meaning glance towards the west, where the sky was yet tinged with gold, although the orb of day had disappeared. Then he rested his head upon his knees and remained immovable. His rifle lay at his feet, and his remaining arms upon it, as if he had just been preparing them carefully for immediate use. Twilight came, still the chief moved not. At length he arose, and

approaching the entrance of the cavern, looked out upon the forest, listening intently for some welcome sound—nothing struck upon his ear save the rustling of the leaves and the low swinging of the overhanging branches. There was silence in the vast forest; the hum of the little insect, as it uttered its evening prayer, was the only sound of living thing that broke upon the solitude. For a moment it seemed that a shadow of doubt passed across the brow of the warrior. It occurred to him that his party might have been cut off. He could not doubt but that Watook had collected a force and followed in pursuit; and that Quickfoot, his first messenger, had fallen in with them, as otherwise the sagacious Huron would have returned days ago, to share the fortunes of his chief. Perhaps his last messenger had missed the trail in the forest, and for a time the chief almost regretted that he had not dared the risk consequent upon the concealment of so many men near the village, accompanied, as it was, with the advantage of their proximity in case a sudden opportunity of rescue presented itself. It was already time that the party should have reached the place of his concealment which he had designated as the point of rendezvous. But hours might yet elapse before the torture would begin, for although he did not know the exact result of the council's deliberations, he felt that there was little doubt of the condemnation of Father Laval, and the other prisoners; and that their lives hang upon a thread liable to be broken at any moment by the whim or caprice of the savages. As he cast his eye around, indistinctly it caught the radiance of a stream of light illuminating the mist that hung above the village. Taking up his arms he descended to the forest below, and a few moments' walk brought him to a place whence he could catch a glimpse of the lodges, and at the same time be near the path to the rendezvous. The glare of a large fire flashed up towards the darkening sky, and tinged with red the waving branches of the forest. Two figures were still bound to the stakes, and groups of boys and men were loitering about, seemingly awaiting some approaching event.

"The Hurons must speed on, or they will come too late," exclaimed Ahasistari bitterly, as he stretched himself upon the ground.

The fire flashed out more brightly now, for some hand had cast more fuel on it; and the light of the flame played around the mild face of the Jesuit as he stood bound to the stake. His high, bold forehead seemed to catch the floating beams, which lingered round it, like a saintly halo of coming glory. Ahasistari recognised the form of Father Laval, even at that distance, and, looking for a moment in silence, exclaimed:

"They will come too late! there will be one more stake and one more torture! My father, I swear to thee that Ahasistari will share thy fortunes, whether of death or life!" and he arose and turned towards the village. Suddenly he paused, and cast his eyes to the northeast as if he would penetrate the dark veil that stretched before him; then he laid his ear to the very ground and listened. At length, casting his rifle upon the sod, he sat down, and, shrouding his face in his hands, remained still and motionless as a statue.

It seemed as if the Mohawks were about to anticipate the hour of final torture. The prisoners were brought out, one by one, and bound to the stakes until the eight were occupied. The crowd began to increase, and new fires were raised. The women gathered the fagots nearer. Father Laval looked sadly upon these preparations; but the Huron, Leloup, perceiving what was passing in his mind, said in broken French:

"Not yet, my father, not yet. The Mohawk is not so merciful! he loves hours of torture!"

"Oh God! give us grace to die worthily!" exclaimed the Jesuit, and then resumed his silent prayer.

Darkness was deepening, but the lights of the blazing fires rushed up fitfully to heaven, casting a red gleam upon the scene around, and making the ferocious Mohawks, as they flitted about in their fell work, resemble so many fiends at their infernal orgies. The prisoners were stripped of their clothing, and the work of torture began. Snatching up burning pieces of wood, the savages held them close to the naked skin until its surface blistered with the slow heat; then, as the swollen part became dead and senseless to the lesser torture, they pressed the live coal into the raw flesh until it hissed, and fumed, and cracked, while the groan of intense agony arose from the lips of the white sufferers. The stern Indian endured in silence. Father Laval, as the red cinders pierced his flesh, elevated his soul to God, and dwelt upon the sufferings of him whose brow had borne a crown of thorns, whose hands and feet had been torn with nails, whose precious side had been opened with a spear. "Jesus, Mary, and Joseph," were ever on his lips, and his upraised spirit seemed at last to forsake and leave behind it the sorrow and sufferings of earth; and to float already upwards through a sea of ineffable delights.

René Bourdoise, reserved for future death, did not escape from present torture. His tormenters surrounded him, and forced into his tender skin small splinters of pitch pine, and, when a number had been pressed in thus, they applied blazing torches to the parts which obtruded, and the dark flame ran swiftly, from one to another, along the bristling surface, until it became a mass of fire. In vain the suffering youth struggled to escape; his bands only permitted him to wind round and round the stake; but, whichever way he turned, blows met him, or blazing knots of pine. Thus eight victims suffered—ten thousand deaths were they enduring, and yet so skilful is the Indian in his torture that death itself could not relieve them. The novice, weak from his long fatigues, yet sore from former wounds and sufferings, at length became exhausted, and hung supported by his bands alone. Father Laval, moaning in the midst of his torturers around the stake, began to pray aloud:

"The pale face warrior sings his death song," said Kiohba, "how many warriors hath he slain? How many scalps has he taken? He is a woman! a slave! a dog!" and the shouts of the infuriated mob drowned the voice of the priest.

In the tent of Kiodego, the chief, sat a wounded man, faint and weak; his form reclined against a pile of furs, his hands covered his face, his breathing was deep and stern, but there was no other mark of life about him. At his feet sat an Indian maiden—Morning Flower was weeping!

Still on rang the furious shout of the wild savage—on went the fearful torture—the fiendish dance went on. But loudest of all arose above the tumult the shrill voices of the beldames as they gathered around Leloup. The Indian heeded them not; he was preparing himself to die. Then for a time it seemed as if the frenzy of the Mohawks was dying away, but it soon broke out in renewed fury, and the various crowds drew off to hurl the tomahawk.

"See," said Kiohba, "how a brave can strike!" and he repeated the feat of skill he had before performed. With a laugh of scorn, another Mohawk stepped forth, and, brandishing his weapon, exclaimed:

"You have grazed his head, I will drive the ears of the blackgown into the stake."

The Mohawk aimed at Father Laval, who gazed upon him almost unconsciously. The moment was one of deep peril; no matter how skilful the aim, a sudden motion of the victim, an involuntary start would, instead of mutilation, bring death. It was a feat of nice and precise skill, and the Mohawk measured his distance carefully, and drew back his arm.

Suddenly the peal of a rifle broke upon the air, and then another and another, in quick succession, flashed from the forest, and a wild and exulting shout broke out.

Down came the fierce Mohawk—another and another fell—whilst the whole northern circle of the forest seemed blazing with continuous flashes. Hushed was the voice of the warrior—mute the shrill tongue of woman—terror-stricken, they clustered together. Their rifles, and bows and arrows were in their cabins; there was a scattering in wild affright to obtain their arms; one figure alone sprang towards the bound prisoners, tomahawk in hand.

Over the wild peal of battle rose the firm voice of Ahasistari, and the Hurons sprang out from their covers to the charge, to strike the effective blow before the Mohawks could rally. Out from the impenetrable darkness bounded these dusky figures, rushing on, with wild and exulting shouts, to cut off the entrance to the cabins; one, a lithe and youthful form, shaking fiercely over his head his small steel axe, leaped forward to the prisoners. Watook was rushing to the rescue.

Kiohba pressed on in his fell purpose. He reached the side of the novice, he wound his hand in his long hair, he bent back his head, and, glaring fiendishly into his face, he seemed to make him die by slow and fearful agony; then his weapon flashed above him, and came down with a sullen crash, and the form of the poor novice sank lifeless, supported by the withes that bound him to the stake. Kiohba unwound his hand from his locks, and tore the scalp from his mangled brow; then he turned towards the Jesuit. Leloup struggled to burst his bands, but his iron strength would not avail him; in helpless agony he had looked on. At that moment a well known voice was in his ear; a single heavy stroke severed the cord that bound him, and the tall Huron, tossing up his arms to heaven, as if glorying in the thought of freedom, once again sprang on to the rescue. The fierce Mohawk was already by the side of the priest; his arm was outstretched to aim the fatal blow, when Leloup, like a wolf upon his prey, bounded on him. Down came the two powerful savages—the armed and the unarmed—but life and retribution nerved the heart of the Huron, and strung his sinews. The weapon of Kiohba was dashed from his grasp as he fell to the earth, and he sought for the knife in his girdle. For a moment it seemed doubtful which would conquer. Over and over, the two rolled swiftly upon the ground. At length the hand of Leloup rested upon the knife of his foe; in a moment more it gleamed in the light, and was buried in the heart of the Mohawk. The strong grasp of Kiohba relaxed, and, casting off his nerveless hand, the Huron arose from the fearful struggle. So rapid had it been that the last prisoner was just released.

Father Laval cast himself upon his knees in prayer, while the Hurons caught up what arms they could find, and, headed by Leloup, dashed on towards the spot where Ahasistari and his followers were contending with superior numbers. The blaze of the fires cast a fearful light upon the battle scene, seeming to double the numbers of the combatants, and to swell their forms into gigantic size. Two powerful Mohawks were rushing towards their cabins for their arms; the chief of the Hurons intercepted them. The first attempted to close with him, but a single blow of the tomahawk stretched him lifeless at his feet: the second was upon him before he could recover from his effort, and aimed a stroke at his head. The Huron warded it skilfully, and they closed. The struggle was terrific, but was short, and Ahasistari, as he quitted the dead body of the Mohawk, cast a glance upon the scene of battle.

Fearful had been the first onslaught of the Hurons. They had met their foes; as in panic, they broke away towards their wigwams, and, by the fury of their assault, had driven them back to the open space. Here they began to rally and to fight with something of their accustomed bravery. An Indian, taken by surprise, can seldom recover, and the Mohawks waged an unequal battle with their fierce and determined assailants; but for their superior

numbers, the rout would have been instantaneous and terrific. They began to rally; the women, and children, and old men appeared upon the scene, the women bearing the rifles, and the bows and arrows of the warriors. With renewed energy the Mohawks fought, armed as they were, with tomahawks and clubs; scarcely a shot pealed upon the air, and, in the stern battle of man to man, no cry broke forth. Suddenly upon the stillness came the loud blast of a horn from the southern portion of the forest, echoing and re-echoing in the hills to the north; then a terrific shout, and, high above the rest, the battle cry—"Champlain a nous! Champlain!"

Sweeping down the sward rushed a band of dark figures that seemed, in the flickering light, of countless numbers, while the loud and deafening blast of the horn still rang on, and ever, as it paused, the battle cry, "Champlain! Champlain!" broke out.

The Mohawk warriors stood aghast. Had the dead really arisen? Had the great medicine accepted their challenge, and called the mighty warrior from his tomb to the rescue? Was it a ghastly troop, with horrible sounds of unearthly import, that came upon them? Their arms dropped nerveless, and they paused in their onslaught—whilst the Hurons renewed their exulting cries, and charged once more upon them. The fire now gleamed out fiercely, stirred by a passing breath of wind, and the fitful light discovered to the frightened Mohawks the face and form of a white man bounding forward, and waving his glistening blade above his head.

"Champlain! Champlain! Mohawk dogs!" shouted the figure in the Iroquois tongue, as he dashed into their midst, striking down the first he met with his long and curved knife.

"The dead! the dead! Champlain!" exclaimed the paralysed Mohawks, and broke away from the field of battle. Women and children, old men and warriors, mindful of the scenes of the council, fled wildly off, veiling their eyes from him whom they believed to have arisen from the tomb: still in their ears rang the cry of "Champlain! Champlain!" and the relentless Frenchman, with his band, smiting right and left, pursued them. Terror lent wings to their speed, and they scattered deep in the forest.

By the homes of their early years—by the council fire, where their fathers had sat—upon the turf where, in childhood's hours, they had sported—still gathered a stern band of veteran Mohawks. They were few in number—fewer than their foes—but they were true and unyielding braves. For a moment, when the rout began, the battle had ceased; and the two parties now stood gazing at one another in fierce defiance. The Mohawks were armed with no weapons but those of a hand-to-hand fight—and Ahasistari, casting aside his rifle with a noble generosity, sprang forward to meet his foe upon an equality of arms. Knife in hand he grappled with a warrior; his Hurons followed his example, and for a moment there was seen a struggling crowd of indistinguishable figures; here and there, with a convulsive spring, some form would cease its motion, and lie still and silent as the sod it pressed. The rest still struggled on. At length, from out the mèlè crept an unarmed savage, wounded, coiling himself slowly along the ground as if in dying agony. He reached the corner of the lodge, and passing behind its shadow, sprang quickly to his feet. His eye fell upon the kneeling figure of Father Laval as he bent him over a dying Huron, and tearing off a portion of his belt, he stole quietly behind him. In a moment he had gagged him—in another he was hurrying him rapidly, in spite of his resistance, from the spot. The priest attempted to cry out, but it was in vain; and casting a lingering look towards the group where his friends were fighting within reach of him—yet ignorant of his danger—resigned himself to his fate.

ON THE USE OF THE LATIN LANGUAGE IN THE SERVICE OF THE CHURCH.

WE ARE not surprised that persons unacquainted with the usages of our religion should feel at a loss to account for the preservation of the Latin language; but for this, as well as for other practices of the Catholic church, we have satisfactory and convincing motives. If Catholicity were confined to a few nations, no special necessity would exist for the use of a language different from the vernacular dialects of the people. But when from the narrow limits of a nation we extend our views to the whole earth, which the religion of the Saviour was to embrace—"for all nations of the earth were to rest beneath its bright canopy of light"—then the use of a written language and a dead language is the most appropriate depository of inspired truths, and the best medium of their communication. A written language has its defined and characteristic elements, is fixed in its structure, and, therefore, conveys whatever it is intended to make known with clearness and precision; but, should it long continue to be a language spoken by any very considerable portion of mankind, after it has been constituted the written medium of divine revelation, it would be liable to innovations and admixtures, to changes and corruptions which, if they did not endanger the integrity of the inspired pages, might yet involve them in an obscurity which would render them wholly unintelligible. A dead language, as the medium of plenary instruction, is greatly to be preferred to a living one. It is an incorruptible and immutable standard, and, disused among men, it becomes peculiarly and appropriately the language of God. Hence the church keeps the Latin in her public service, and this has given rise to the calumny that we preach in an unknown tongue. No scholar can call that an unknown tongue which is studied in every college in Europe and America, and which a countless multitude still know, speak, and write.

The language she uses in the sacrifice of the mass is the same that was used in the infancy of the church in the western world. At the time it was adopted, it was the common language of Rome and her provinces. The language of that empire survived its fall; it remains as a monument and attestation of its existence. The nascent church was doomed to death by her despotic rulers; but the milk-white hind was fated not to die. Despotism had its day. During the ten bloody persecutions the church was buried in the catacombs, but its deep foundations had remained unshaken, and, when the waters of persecution abated, she appeared alone amidst the ruin of a world that had passed away; and she preserves even now, as a proof of her antiquity, the language of that colossal empire. Rome fell, and hordes of savages from beyond the Danube took possession of her most fertile provinces, and, gradually, the sublimity and beauty of the Latin language yielded to the jargon of the invaders; but Christian Rome maintained the same language, thus showing to the world that her language and her faith were unchanged; so that the church did not introduce an unknown language, but the nations departed from that which was most general when the Gospel was preached. "Divine Providence," says Kenelm Digby, "caused the language of Rome to become, in a

certain sense, universal, in order to facilitate the propagation of the Gospel, and the maintenance of ecclesiastical unity; as, in the earlier ages, it had preserved the semetic languages in a state of immobility, 'in order,' says Walton, 'to render more easy the migrations and external relations of the patriarchs. The triumphs of the church have been told, and the Gospel preached, in languages that are now not extant; but, guided by the 'divinity that stirs within her,' she has saved from the wreck of time her undying liturgy and venerable doctrines, by affording them a safe and sacred asylum under the key of the ancient language. A change of language is too favorable to a change of religion; and, as the church was to preserve the same doctrines to the end of time, it is proper that our sacred service should be performed in that language which Sts. Peter and Paul heard in the court and camp of Cæsar, and which has been consecrated, in the eyes of Catholics, for nearly two thousand years. The church did not yield to the spirit of innovation, but, looking forward to her shining course through the great deep of ages, she preserved the old language of Europe. The Latin thus acquired a noble distinction which the eloquent lips of Cicero could not have won for it. It was the centre of human learning—the firm and vigorous trunk around which the perishing idioms of every civilized people, as well as of those who had lost their greatness, clung for preservation."*

Its connection with the church gave it a glory amongst men; they regarded it with gratitude as the medium through which they had derived the ever holy and consoling truths of the Gospel. The motives prevailing among Catholics for its use in the liturgy are, therefore, not indifferent. It takes us back in spirit to the days of old; it associates us with those heroes who fought and won the victory of faith in the earliest times; its words, hallowed by age and holy recollections, bring to our ears a mystic sound and meaning, which no eloquence of living tongues can impart, and we cherish it for the honor it has gained, and the good it has accomplished. "It is a noble relic which we will preserve for ever."

"I do not wonder," says Mr. Faber, "you should envy the Latin service books; for any thing more elevating and magnificent than the western ritual is not to be conceived. There is not such another glory upon the earth. It gives to men the tongues of angels; it images on its bosom the attitudes of heaven, and it catches glorious shreds of echo from the eternal worship of the Lamb. It has a language of symbols more luminous, more mystical, more widely spread, than any other language on earth. I do not wonder you should envy the Latin ritual."*

But it is objected that a *liturgy*, in a tongue unknown to the people, is an invention without precedent. For it never entered into the head of man or church, since the creation, except only the church of Rome."† Now this is historically false, and we shall prove it by the testimony of candid and enlightened Protestants. All the eastern Christians have a liturgy not understood by the common people. Dr. Malton,‡ in the Prolegomena to his Polyglot, confirms this assertion. "The common people," says he, "do not understand the liturgies of Basil and Chrysostom which are read publicly in the churches." This is also acknowledged by Mosheim, who writes, "that the language of the divine service is absolutely unintelligible to the multitude."

Mr. Brerewood,§ speaking of the Greek church, says: "The difference is become so great between the present and the ancient Greek, that their liturgy, yet read in the ancient Greek tongue, ... is not understood, or but little of it, by the vulgar people."

* Catholic Telegraph.

* Faber's Sights into Foreign churches, p. 614.
† Lesly's Case Stated, p. 191.
‡ Chap. v, sec. 1, 16. § Chap. ii, p. 12.

Mons. Farernier* tells us that the Nestorians employ the Chaldaic, although the Arabic is the vulgar tongue.

Dr. Heylin informs us, in his History of the Reformation, "that, in Queen Elizabeth's time, *the Irish parliament* passed an act for uniformity in common prayer, with permission of saying the same in Latin, when the minister had not the knowledge of the English tongue. But for translating it into Irish there was no care taken. And thus," he adds, "we have furnished the papists with an excellent argument against ourselves, for having the divine service celebrated in such a language as the people do not understand."†

Let us hear the author of the revolution of the sixteenth century. He grants, writing against Corlostadius, that the name of mass may still be kept, and that it is an indifferent thing whether it be said in a *foreign or the vulgar tongue.*‡ So that those who declaim against us for this discipline have the universal practice of Christendom against them.

But the common people do not understand the Latin, and, therefore, can not say *amen* to the prayers of the priest. Pray, what should hinder them? Do they fear he is cursing them? conjuring up some *evil spirit?* Do they not know that he is praying for them? And why then should they scruple to say *amen* to his prayers?§ The people have translations of the whole liturgy. Will any say that this is not enough? If it is not sufficient in the liturgy of the mass, how can it be sufficient in the translation of the Bible? Is not the Bible a translation of the ancient languages? Now, if any one asserts that our translation of the liturgy is not sufficient, then, to be consistent, he must say the same of the Bible. And, if we must reject the one, he must throw the other overboard.

Neither can it be suspected that it is in any manner necessary that the sacrifice should be offered in a language understood by the people. It becomes only requisite that they should completely apprehend the nature of the action performed, and unite their devotion with that of the priest. This they are enabled to do by the constant instructions given by their pastors, by the nature of the sacrifice so repeatedly explained, by the translation of the liturgy in the hands of the people, and by prayers corresponding to every part of the great action. The prayers said by the priest belong, professionally or ministerially, to his sacred character or office, and it becomes in no manner necessary, or even proper, that the laity should recite the same, and, consequently, that they should understand the language in which they are conveyed. Had the faithful Christians who assist at the sacrifice of the mass attended the crucifixion of their Redeemer, and witnessed his pure and disinterested love in the shedding of his blood for all mankind, it would have been wholly unnecessary to have understood his language, or the language of his bloody and unrelenting foes. And, if we have the same sacred tragedy acted repeatedly on millions of altars in an unbloody manner, is it necessary to understand the language in which the offering is made? Are not our minds sufficiently enlightened on the subject? Are not our wills animated and inflamed with love at the sight of that real and efficient token of divine benevolence? Do not our hearts glow with all the fire of devotion when we behold the Lord lying as a victim on the altar, the priest leaning over the sacrifice, and the people around praying in silent supplication? Do we then think of the language in which the offering is made? Do we not rather leave to the priest the care of reciting his own prayers, and performing all the rites connected with his office, while, with the most enraptured devotion, we endeavor to join the sacred action; while we labor to unite our mean efforts in offering our

* P. 69, on the Nestorians.
† Dr. Heylin's History of the Reformation, p. 128.
‡ Martin Luther, Apud Hospin. anno, 1525.
§ Dr. Manning, pp. 548-9.

best adoration to God, in making a just and natural return for all his favors, in arresting his anger, and in obtaining his blessing? All this, it is perfectly clear, may be accomplished without understanding the language of the priest, especially when we consider the perpetual injunctions given to the pastors to explain the nature of the sacrifice, and the sublime end for which it is offered.

The church uses one language that her children may find themselves united, by this great bond of communion, at the holy altar in the house of their common Father. If our church was limited by the valley of the Mississippi, or by the shadow of the Cumberland mountains; if it was confined to Hindostan or Pekin, we might adopt the dialects of these countries. But as the church is situated on a mountain, towards which all the nations of the earth turn in their yearnings after truth; as she is a bright beacon beaming down on time the light of eternity; in a word, as she is *Catholic*, it is highly proper that her liturgy should be every where the same. So that the Catholic in England, as in France, in China, as in the "far west," from the Shanon to where the Indus rolls its waters over sands of gold; whether roaming in the plains of Paraguay, or worshipping under the dome of St. Peter's, may offer up the pure oblation in one common language, in those glorious temples which every where rise "to catch the morning sun, and reflect his evening rays." It is the language of councils, the language in which our doctrines are defined, the language in which Rome speaks to the world. When we meet, we have a medium by which we can communicate with each other, thereby adding strength to the jewelled ties of fraternal charity. Thus do we find in the Latin tongue a bond of unity and chain of strength, binding, in unyielding firmness, to the centre the remotest part of the fold, like the keystone that crowns the arch.

Let us now turn our attention to the Bible, to see whether it sanctions or condemns our discipline. In every religion we find the office of the priest distinct from that of the people. Thus we read in Leviticus, "Let no man be in the tabernacle, when the high priest goeth into the sanctuary to pray for himself and his house, and for the whole congregation of Israel, until he cometh out."* Hence we find it recorded in St. Luke, that Zacharias, "according to the custom of the priestly office, it was his lot to offer incense, going into the temple of the Lord, and all the multitude of the people was praying without, at the hour of incense."† In these passages we find public prayers were made by the priest, for the people, by the command of God himself. They assisted without the *tabernacle*, while we see him at the altar offering the *sacrifice*. We are also certain that the Jewish people lost the knowledge of the Hebrew, during the Babylonish captivity. The language, on their return, was the Syriac. Yet all their public offices were taken from the Hebrew. Now this language had become unintelligible to the people; still it was approved of by the Saviour and his apostles. For he never raised his voice to condemn the service of the temple. Thus we have Scripture and the tacit approval of our Saviour for our liturgy.‡

But does not St. Paul object to the use of the Latin tongue in the public service? Now I answer, that there is not one word in that whole chapter that alludes to the public liturgy, which, at Corinth, was and still is performed in the old Greek. The whole scope of St. Paul is, to show the inutility of supernatural gifts, if not employed unto edification. He does not speak a single word about a public liturgy, or set form of prayers, but only of sudden extemporary prayers, which even lay persons uttered to the people in public assemblies. Let us suppose that, as soon as a clergyman has read the Gospel,

* Lev. xvi, 17. † Luke i, 9, 10.
‡ 1 Cor. xiv, 2.

one of his parishioners will arise, and, in the most impressive manner, harangue the audience in some foreign language, perhaps in high Dutch. The moment he is silent, a second preacher will succeed in Arabic; and he will be followed by a third, in Chinese, prophesying, who will close the service; and every man who can persuade himself that he feels the impulse of the Holy Spirit, will claim a right to groan out the yearnings of his soul into the ears of his brethren. This is a picture of the system of divine service which the imprudence of the converts compelled the apostle to sanction with his approbation. But it is evident, that both his approbation and his censure were confined to a temporary object, and that, at the cessation of miraculous gifts, they became a dead letter, the mere testimony of disorders which had once existed, and were never likely to be revived.*

Such are some of the reasons we advance to justify the wisdom of the church in preserving the Latin language in her sublime liturgy. It is admired by the whole world. No human genius can hope to attain its beauty and sublimity. If we examine each prayer separately, it is perfect; perfect in construction, perfect in thought, and perfect in expression. We are struck with the brevity of each, with the sudden but beautiful transitions, and the almost stanza-like effect with which they succeed each other, forming a lyrical composition of surpassing beauty. In it are combined all the powerful and the beautiful, the deep and the sublime, the holy and the poetical, which minds and hearts alone gifted by heaven, with little less than inspiration, could mingle together. The spirit of celestial harmony pervades its words, combines its phrases, and weaves them into sentences and strains of marvellous art. In them we admire a rich and mellow tone, an almost playful variety, now passing from the grave to the cheerful, as if by a sudden burst, then descending gradually, from the sublime to the familiar, with no loss of dignity. Every thing is heartfelt, soul-deep; the sob of contrition, the *De Profundis* of the spirit, comes from the innermost caverns of a hollow, sorrow-worn breast; the song of thanksgiving, its *Te Deum*, springs blithe and light from quivering lips, as if a carol among heavenly choirs. They lack the symmetry of the parterre; there seems to have been no line and compass used in laying them out; the flowers are not placed according to a rigid classification, but they have the grandeur and the boldness, and withal the freshness of a landscape; their very irregularities give them beauties, their sudden transitions effect, and their colors are blended in a luxurious richness with which no modern art can vie. "They partake of all the solemnity and all the stateliness of the places in which they were first recited; they retain the echoes of the gloomy catacombs, they still resound with the jubilee of gilded basilicas, they keep the harmonious reverberations of lofty-grained vaults. The church's sorrows and her joys, martyr's oblation and confessor's thanksgiving, anchorite's sighs, and virgin's breathings of love—all are registered here. He that would muse over a skull, hath his *Dies Iræ;* she that would stand at the foot of the holy rood, her *Stabat Mater;* and they that would adore in concert before the altar, their *Lauda Sion.*"*

Nor hath the church at any time lost her power of prayer, her mastery over the harp of David; but silent, and almost unstrung, as it may for a long space appear, she hath but to attune it when she lists, and strike it, and bring forth the same sweet soothing notes as at the beginning. Every new service or prayer which she has added to the pontifical or ritual, dissolves into the mass of more ancient compositions, so as to be undistinguishable, and blends with them, as a new ingredient,

* Dr. Lingard.

* Dublin Review.

in "the sweet confections of the apothecary," equal to the rest in savor as in virtue.

There is a fragrance, a true incense in those ancient prayers, which seems to rise from the lips, to wind upwards in soft balmy clouds, upon which angels may recline, and look down upon us as we utter them. They seem worthy to be caught up in a higher sphere, and to be heaped upon the altar above at which an angel ministers. J. M.

THE MONASTIC LIFE.

HAIL! loveliest fruit of a most lovely tree,
In all Christ's garden bounds there's none like thee;
The rose of burning love around thee blooms,
And the pure lily yields her sweet perfumes;
Where'er thy beauteous hue beams on the eye,
Want, ignorance, and vice, take wings and fly;
The wearied heart may look on thee, and feel
That thou hast wondrous power to soothe and heal;
And angels hover round, and see thee raise
Man, fallen man, to them, and turn to praise,
In wonder, awe, and love, the mighty Lord,
Who has on thee such benediction poured.
Beneath thy shelter every age has stood,
Ere yet the Dove blessed Jordan's sacred flood;
For him who stood therein, and bowed his head,
While at his word the great Precursor shed
Those mystic waters o'er his brow divine,
And Judah knew her Saviour at the sign,
Aye! for the Baptist once had tasted thee,
And with the taste enamored, could not see
In aught else beauty e'er surpassing thine,
With whom sweet peace abides and graces twine!
And Egypt knew thee as faith's earliest born,
Who blossomed 'mid her fresh and dewy morn,
And through the hours (like centuries) rolled away,
Still hast thou flourished, and the burning day,
The twilight, or the darkness have no sway
O'er thy eternal bloom, for thou wast planted
'Mid the world's desert garden, evil haunted,
By him who gave thee increase, and who said:
Thou should'st restore the spiritually dead;
Around thee soon flowers clustered in their ranks,
And order spread abroad, and hourly thanks
Rose from the exiles who, beneath thy shade,
Bowed down and blessed thee, that thou wast made
A refuge for the longing souls who sought,
With yearning love, their God, and thence, save him, knew nought.

V. S.

OUR MARTYRS, No. I.

LUIS CANCER DE BARBASTRO, AND DIEGO DE TOLOSA, O. S. D., 1549.*

FEW years only had elapsed, after the discovery of America, when the Europeans first entered the present territories of the United States, and foremost among them were priests, seeking to gain souls to Christ. Of these many received the crown of martyrdom, many were tortured, and many fell victims to the missionary toils, and exposure to the northern cold, and southern heat. To a Catholic, the narrative of their actions is scarcely accessible; the general histories give but a little space to them, and a few lives in Sparks' Biography, seem to be all the individual histories.

These writers are not Catholics, and, could they fling aside every prejudice of education, still it is not for them to describe the actions of our martyrs in such a manner as to reach the higher feelings of a Catholic. What they themselves possess not, they can not elicit. Is it not so in painting? Can we not look, all unmoved, on a crucifixion painted by a Protestant, marvellous though it be for its anatomical accuracy, its skill in coloring? It is but a fine picture, while the ruder tablet of a Catholic artist seems to portray alike the soul and the body, and fills our hearts with penance, hope, and love. These sketches will be given in this trust, that the unity of thought in the martyr, and in the reader and writer, will cover the faults of the latter in this almost untouched field.

* Authorities—The Inca, book 6, Ensayo Crono., p. 25, Gomara in Barcia, c. xlv. Herrera, dec. 8, book v, p. 1122.

The first who laid down their lives on the mission seem to have been the two fathers, Cancer and Tolosa.

Luis Cancer de Barbastro was a native of Zaragoza, and a Dominican, and had acquired the reputation of an apostolical man, and an eminent preacher. This is all the chronicles of Florida tell us of his early life. He was of the order of St Dominic, and what order more worthy to commence the labor of evangelizing the Indians and dying for them, than that whose name stands alone in its pre-eminence as *the* friend, the advocate of the red man; that order which enrols in its list of members Victoria, Soto, Julian, and Batanzos, those earnest denouncers of the cruelty of their countrymen, those able demanders of the rights of the Indians, and, above all, Las Casas, styled by Charles V, protector general of the Indians, a name which time but consecrates.

The order of St. Dominic espoused the cause of the Indian, and, as their countrymen had inflicted cruelties and death on the Americans, they were impelled to offer themselves as an atonement, to the savage tribes, willing to undergo all torments, death itself at their hands for Christ's sake, to bring them within his fold, and to avert, by the offering of their lives, the judgments of Heaven on their countrymen.

They triumphed; the Spaniard ceased, and took the Indian by the hand, a brother. In the Spanish republics the Indians and their descendants form the great mass of the people, and enjoy all the rights of their fellow citizens. And in Spanish America only. Spain found many to

follow her in guilt, but none in penance and works worthy of penance.*

Father Cancer was at first stationed at Vera Paz, and left that city for Mexico with Father Thomas de Cassillas, the provincial.

Here his attention was first attracted to the Florida mission, and on hearing of the fierceness of the tribes and the beauty of the country, grieved that the Gospel was not preached to them as to other Indian tribes; and, seeing that their fierceness was attributable in a great measure to the cruelty of his countrymen, upbraided them for justifying it on the ground of the vices or paganism of the natives, and determined to attempt their conversion and civilization, with the arms which the holy founder of his order used, "no other arms than patience, prayer and instruction." He communicated his desire to Father Gregory de Beteta, who had before proposed to enter Florida, by land, with Father John Garcia. He was rejoiced to find so zealous a companion as Cancer, and as he was convinced of the docility of the natives, from the conduct of some who had followed Alvar Nuñez, Cabeza de Vaca, they resolved to attempt it. Consulting some grave religious of their order, it was agreed that Father Cancer should, with the permission of his superiors, repair to Spain to get the assistance they needed, lest their plan might fail through the negligence of petty officials in America. He sailed from San Juan de Ulloa, early in 1547, in company with Las Casas, then bishop of Chiapa, and two other Dominicans.

After a pleasant voyage, they reached Seville, and repaired to the court at Valladolid. Las Casas, to whom Father Cancer had communicated his design, and with whom he had spent much time in arranging the method of his mission, aided him also in the means of forwarding it. When Father Cancer laid his plan before Prince Philip, and the council of the Indies, Las Casas so strongly advocated it that the king granted his request, directing the board of trade at Seville, or at the option of Father Cancer, any viceroy in America, to furnish him, and the religious who might accompany him, with all things necessary. Father Cancer determined to procure them from the zealous viceroy of New Spain, Don Antonio de Mendoza. He immediately took a last farewell of his native land, bearing also a royal decree dated December 28, 1547, commanding that all natives of Florida, taken by De Soto, and held as slaves in Chiapa and Guatemala, should be freed, and restored to their native country.

He soon reached Mexico, where he was joyfully received by Father de Beteta. They at once set about their preparations, meeting every encouragement and aid from Mendoza, and associating with them Fathers Diego de Tolosa, and John Garcia, soon set sail from Vera Cruz, in a vessel of peace, without arms of any description. The royal decree they were unable to enforce; many had been freed, and were mixed in the Mexican tribes; some were found, but none willing to go to Florida. Stopping at Havana, they found a Christian woman named Magdalen, a native of that country, whom they took as an interpreter. They reached the coast of Florida on Ascension day, and on the next day sent a boat to reconnoitre. Father Gregory wished to land, but the captain would not permit him; his destination was the Bay of Espiritu Santo, and he wasted some days in search of it. The fathers determined to land, to proceed on the mission to which they had devoted themselves; accordingly Father Diego de Tolosa went on shore, and being at once surrounded by Indians, was followed by Cancer, Magdalen, and one of the crew, Fuentes, the rest declining as

* It was in grateful remembrance of the labors of the Dominicans, for their ancestors, that the Mexican people invited the religious of that order to their shores, when the infidel government of Spain drove them from their monasteries. They came over at the public expense, in the vessels of the republic, and now conduct the missions of California.

they had to go unarmed, such being the plan of the expedition. A few presents gained the good will of the natives, when the Spaniards knelt, and reciting a litany, recommended their enterprise to God. They then explained to the Indians, some of whom also had knelt, the object of their coming. The mate who commanded the boat, having ascertained that Espiritu Santo Bay was but a day and a half's journey distant, insisted on returning to the vessel. As little time was left for deliberation, it was resolved to commence the mission here, on account of the mildness of the people, and Father Tolosa, with Magdalen, and Fuentes, remained on shore for that purpose; "in much peace, and with a great desire to serve God." The vessel did not reach land in the bay till Corpus Christi, on which day mass was said on shore, and soon after a Spaniard, who had belonged to De Soto's expedition, came out in a canoe; he had almost forgotten his native language, but he told them that Father Tolosa and Fuentes had been put to death immediately after the departure of the boat. This they could not credit, as the people seemed so peaceful, and as the natives of the bay, with whom they had commenced a trade, had just promised to bring them and Magdalen to the ship. So fully confident in the good faith of the natives was Father Cancer that he went on shore, was well treated, but advised to return to the ship, by the Indians who renewed their promise. He did so, determining to land next day and commence his missionary labors, as the sailors were clamorous for a return to Mexico, and the mission must be attempted or finally abandoned. His disbelief of the sailor's story was strengthened by the conduct of an Indian, who came out and solicited a cross, which he received and kissed with apparent reverence; and on reaching the land, handed it to a woman to kiss, whom those in the vessel now recognised as Magdalen, not having distinguished her before, as she was without the clothes she wore when she left them. She told them, when they asked for her companions, that they were in the hut of the cacique, deceiving them, no doubt, through fear of her countrymen.

On the next day, June 25th, 1549, Father Cancer took leave of his brethren, who endeavored to dissuade him, by showing him the danger; his only reply was, "this work is not to be accomplished without blood." A storm which suddenly arose drove the boat back to the ship, and he was again entreated to remain. But his resolution was taken, and with some presents for the natives he sprang into the boat; after he left the boat he found he had left his cross in it, and called to them to return, but they would not. He then proceeded up the hill, and in a few moments was surrounded by the Indians, who took off his hat, and with loud cries rushed on him, and having scalped him, killed him with many blows.

The scalps of the fathers and of Fuentes were hung up in the temple of the sun, and it was said that their bodies were eaten.

Thus fell these two followers of St. Dominic, the protomartyrs of the church in the United States, actuated by a zealous desire to preach the Gospel to barbarous tribes, which no fear could overcome.*

*The names of the martyrs are differently written. Garcilaso and Herrera have Cancer, Gomara Cancel de Balvastro; Bancroft calls him Cancello, and Father Lacordaire, Cancera. Tolosa is also written Penalosa. It is probable that Touron's Grandes Hommes de L'Ordre de St. Dominique, contains a fuller account of Father Cancer.

TO-MORROW.

BY LONGFELLOW.

(From the Spanish of Lope De Vega.)

Lord, what am I, that, with unceasing care,
Thou didst seek after me?—that thou didst wait,
Wet with unhealthy dews, before my gate,
And pass the gloomy nights of winter there?
O strange delusion!—that I did not greet
Thy blest approach; and O, to heaven how lost,
If my ingratitude's unkindly frost
Has chilled the bleeding wounds upon thy feet.
How oft my guardian angel gently cried,
Soul, from thy casement look, and thou shalt see
How he persists to knock and wait for thee!
And, O! how often to that voice of sorrow,
To-morrow we will open, I replied,
And when the morrow came, I answered still, To-morrow!

NEWMAN'S ESSAY ON THE DEVELOPMENT OF CHRISTIAN DOCTRINE.

Rev. and Dear Sir:

YOU were good enough to give place, in your number of May last, to an article, "THE TRACTARIAN MOVEMENT," collaterally in review of Mr. Newman's Essay on the Development of Christian Doctrine. In that paper no question was raised, or mooted, as to the theory being correct, that is, Catholic, for the reason that I apprehended the most able and intelligent divines, whose opinions in themselves carry the weight of authority, had approved of the view, as advocated by the essay, in every material point. Thus I had read the comments from abroad, and at home. A few were, indeed, inclined to question and doubt, but the very partial dissent was confined to the private expression of opinion, until the appearance of Brownson's Review for July inst. An article in that number, entitled "Newman's Development of Christian Doctrine," not only treats the "Essay" in an invidious spirit of faint praise, but even administers to the essayist, in a dogmatical tone and manner, no gentle rebuke. I would offer a few comments upon that critique, as I can not but deem it essentially unjust, although willing to admit the writer quite sincere in his very peculiar view. If right, he certainly enjoys the felicity of having seen farther into the meaning of the essayist than most readers and writers who preceded him on the subject. The animus of the article can not, certainly, be called commendable. Before any effort is made to examine the theory, the essayist is prejudged in a series of comments, based upon views and erroneous statements of fact, drawn

aliunde, calculated to prejudice the reader and convey extraneous and unfavorable impressions, although I am willing to presume quite unintentionally.

Justice required, certainly, that weight should be given to the starting principle and definitions, as well as the conclusions and applications, of a work under critical review. The writer, in the present case, more than reverses the process; he reviews the conclusions first, in his own way, but leaves Mr. Newman's preparatory explanations to take care of themselves. There is no assistance given to the reader in analysing *them*. He goes too far in saying, "the theory and the conclusions are necessarily, or at least legitimately connected." A connection we admit, but not to authorise almost exclusive attention to the applications, to the neglect of all else. We do not mean to imply that justice is done even to the conclusions or applications of the essay. In the second paragraph of the article the review says: "We felt, on reading the famous Tract 90, that the man who could write such a tract, would never want ingenious reasons to justify to himself any course he might choose to adopt." Subsequent remarks, in connection, do not deprive this accusation of its sting. If we are to believe the inference, obviously to be drawn, Mr. Newman was a man of truth only after he had become a Catholic. I take a higher view of the steps which led to that eminent conversion. One who has given more than a passing attention to Tract 90, need not be told of the grounds which amply account for the apparent disingenuousness of the interpretation put upon the "thirty nine articles of religion" in that tract. The Tractarian writers justly maintained that they had "*no duties towards the framers of the articles.*" The scope and bearing of Tract 90 then is to discover the meaning or meanings, for combinations of words convey different meanings to different minds, which, in honesty, and according to the usages of language, might be placed upon certain formulas of expression. The "articles," certainly, are not couched in very accurate or definite language, but, as history assures us, abound with intended ambiguities. The reviewer speaks of the essay "as the production of a strong, active, acute, and cultivated mind, enriched with various but not always *well digested* erudition. The Italics are mine. A new criticism surely upon the essay, not manifesting the greatest power of *comparison*. It may be esteemed, perhaps after all, but a question of taste. It seems to me, and I am certainly not alone in the conviction in opposition to the reviewer, that *many*, not merely the "enlightened and philosophic few," may read the Essay with profit, and great profit. I am astonished that he should confine the power to appreciate it to a few "fond of psychological researches, and of tracing the operations of sectarian or individual idiosyncrasies." It seems the view of one who habitually either under or over appreciates. I can have little doubt that the essayist is *yet* of opinion that his theory is "perfectly compatible with Catholic authority and infallibility;" that is, the theory fairly understood and as intended by the author.

The following, from the article, is unjust, to say the least, under the well known circumstances of the publication: "And so little suspicious was he of the unsoundness of his work, so orthodox does he hold it, that he does not scruple, even after his conversion, to publish it to the world." Thus, it seems, Mr. Newman's conversion, which we have innocently deemed honorable and sincere, according to the reviewer, is no true conversion, for the simple reason that he, Mr. Newman, did not scruple, even *after* he professed himself a Catholic, to publish to the world his *unsound* and *heterodox* work. Mr. Newman is then at present unsound, and no true Catholic, as he has not repudiated his "Essay!" Can the reviewer escape his own conclusion? But how far is it consistent with his remark on the very

next page? "In refusing to accept it as Catholic, we imply no distrust of the *sincerity* of his *conversion*, or of his present *orthodoxy*." My own italics again. The critic is, evidently, more dogmatical than accurate. He speaks, in another place, of the "*apparent* favor with which his essay has been received by the Catholic press in England." That "favor," to others, has been more a reality than an appearance.

The reviewer, in another place, remarks: "We embraced, and for years publicly advocated, a theory substantially identical with his own." This seems intended as a salvo, to take from the harshness of the critique, and place Mr. Newman in the same category with himself. But it will not do. The theory, "for years publicly advocated," may have been "essentially Anticatholic and Protestant," but I must claim for the Oxford divine a milder judgment, even from one who misunderstands so manifestly. I venture to assert that Mr. Newman's theory is not essentially Anticatholic and Protestant;" that it is not "utterly repugnant to her (the church's) claims to be the authoritative and infallible church of God." That is his true theory, not as the reviewer would have it. To show the animus of the article, I have presented the preceding running commentary on a few of its introductory statements, and intend them in all kindness. In the same spirit, I proceed briefly to designate the fallacy into which the reviewer has fallen, and upon which, as upon a sandy foundation, his elaborate structure has been erected. I would hazard the observation, that much in the article may be accounted for upon the hypothesis that the writer is perhaps rather inclined to assimilate the inquiries of all, finding their way into the bosom of faith, to *his* former wanderings with the same intent. His was a peculiar case, although honorable in all respects to his heart, intellect, and conscientious conviction of duty, but yet rather the exception than the rule. All others should not be judged by the same standard.

The fallacy of the review, then, consists in the undue assumption of a premiss, from which the writer deduces a conclusion, certainly not favorable to the theory of the essay as orthodox, and therefore Catholic. That result may, or may not, follow from his premises; with that I have little to do. I shall have accomplished *my* whole purpose by showing that an undue assumption has been made, and that, therefore, the elaborate argument built upon it is entirely inconclusive, and without force. The undue assumption does not imbody the theory of the essay, by any means; I can not take it upon me to say, how far it conveys the theory of the reviewer himself, which he "embraced, and for years publicly advocated." What then is the theory of Mr. Newman, and where has the reviewer failed in representing it truly? He requires the reader to rely too much on "his judgment and fidelity, in representing it." The extracts he presents are very partial, and not calculated at all to convey the gist of the essay. From them he concludes, however—"They prove clearly that Mr. Newman does not mean simply that there has been a growth in theological *science*, a variation or expansion of outward discipline, but that there have been in the teachings of the church herself, real variations of *doctrine*, an increase and expansion of the Christian creed." He further asserts: "Mr. Newman proceeds on the assumption that there have been real variations of Christian Doctrine;" that "the revelation committed to the charge of the church was not a distinct, formal revelation, but a vague, loose, obscure revelation, which she at first only imperfectly apprehended;" and that there have been important variations, not only in discipline, but also in doctrine." Also, that the essayist implies, in the illustration of the third test of a true development, "that the developed idea contains what was not in the idea as originally given." The reviewer sums up *his* version of Mr. Newman's theory

as follows: "The church had a vague, yet intense, feeling of the truth, but had not digested it into formal propositions or definite articles. She had a blind instinct, which, under secret supernatural guidance, enabled her to avoid errors, and to pursue the regular course of development. She had a secret feeling of the truth, as one may say, a natural taste for it, and a distaste for error; yet not that clear and distinct understanding which would have enabled her at any moment, on any given point, to define her faith. She only knew enough of truth to preserve the original idea, and to elaborate from her intense feelings, slowly and painfully, as time went on, now one dogma, and now another. What in our age is feeling, in a succeeding age becomes opinion, and an article of faith in a still later age." Are these extracts a fair statement of the theory of the essay? I apprehend not. The writer, unintentionally perhaps, commits great injustice; he seems so dazzled by the mania for metaphysical distinctions, that he infers more than the meaning, and puts sentiments and opinions in the mouth of the essayist, which are not even suggested throughout his elaborate work.

It is not the scope of the theory to "develop Protestantism into Catholicity," "the poisonous sumach into the cedar of Lebanon," according to the reviewer, but, in the words of the essay itself, it is directed towards a solution of the difficulty "which lies in the way of using the testimony of our most natural informant, concerning the doctrine and worship of Christianity, viz: the history of eighteen hundred years." That "difficulty," according to Mr. Newman, appertains to the historical inquiry, apart from the inspired testimony of an infallible guide, and is specially intended as applicable to those laboring in doubt of authority. Mr. Newman clearly and elaborately distinguishes the sense in which the term "development" is employed by him. This the reviewer lost sight of. I present here a few brief quotations from the essay, with comments, to illustrate the true meaning, and the bearing of the theory. By "development," is understood a "process of thought," by which a "habitual judgment," or idea, grows, "without losing its substantial unity and its identity." The essay presents a concise analysis, in section second, to prevent "confusion" and "exposure to criticism," of the processes of thought and various mental exercises, which come under the notice of development as defined. According to that analysis, by "metaphysical developments," are meant such as are a mere analysis of the idea contemplated, and terminate in its exact and complete delineation! Again, "Particular propositions, then, which are used to express portions of the great idea vouchsafed to us, can never really be compounded with the idea itself, which all such propositions taken together can but reach, and can not exceed." The word development, is also used, simply, in the sense of *exhibition.* It signifies as well the process, as the result. So much for the term; now for the process, or theory. Let some one great living idea, or "enunciation," about duty, or religion for example, whether true or false, draw attention, "It is," we quote from the essay, "not only passively admitted in this or that form, into the views of men, but it becomes a living principle within them, leading them to an ever-new contemplation of itself, an acting upon it, and a propagation of it." "Thus, in time, it has grown into an ethical code, or into a system of government, or into a theology, or into a ritual, according to its capabilities; and this system, or body of thought, theoretical and practical, thus laboriously gained, will, after all, be only the adequate representation of the original idea, being nothing else than what that very idea *meant* from the first—its exact image as seen in a combination of the most diversified aspects, with the suggestions and corrections of many minds, and the illustration of many trials."

"This process is called the development of an idea, being the germination, growth, and perfection of some living, that is, influential truth, or apparent truth, in the minds of men during a sufficient period." . . . . "Its development, then, is not like a mathematical theorem worked out on paper, in which each successive advance is a pure evolution from a foregoing, but it is carried on through individuals and bodies of men; it employs their minds as instruments, and depends upon them while it uses them." . . . . "It grows when it incorporates; and its purity consists, not in isolation, but in its continuity and sovereignty." . . . . Moreover, an idea not only modifies, but, as has been implied, is modified, or at least influenced by the state of things in which it is carried out, and depends in various ways on the circumstances around it." . . . . "In time it enters upon strange territory; points of controversy alter their bearing; parties rise and fall about; dangers and hopes appear in new relations, and old principles reappear under new forms; it changes with them in order to remain the same."

The extracts given, I think, present more accurately and clearly the outlines of Mr. Newman's theory of development, including both process and result, than those which the reviewer quotes in maintenance of his *view*. It would be difficult to find in them the "increase," "expansion," "growth," "variation," at the hazard, neglect, and sacrifice of identity and substantial unity, which the reviewer finds the essay to inculcate. In the application of his theory to the church, the author remarks: "A development, to be faithful, must retain both the doctrine and principle with which it started." Again, "Creeds and dogmas live in the one idea, which they are designed to express, and which alone is substantive," &c. "And thus the Catholic dogmas are, after all, but symbols of a divine fact, which, far from being compassed by those very propositions, would not be exhausted, not fathomed by a thousand." We need not adduce further evidence, that Mr. Newman's theory is not what the reviewer would induce his readers to believe it is.

The reviewer takes great exception to the expression, "growth of doctrine," but here also, I think, mistakes the sense in which the essay employs it. For example, the growth of the doctrine of purgatory is stated as "an instance of the mind of the church working out dogmatic truth from implicit feelings, under secret supernatural guidance." This paragraph from the essay is, in fact, a summary of Mr. Newman's theory. Christianity is a fact, and its doctrines, as originally announced, are facts. A doctrine may develop as a fact. A crime, say a murder committed, is a fact. By the testimony of witnesses its character, grade, relation to society and the laws, and all the circumstances attending it, are disclosed. The fact is developed, but not increased or altered. It is still a crime, *the* crime, and nothing more or less. Its unity or identity, are not altered. The development of doctrine, in the sense in which the essay employs it, may be illustrated also by physical expansion, as the growth of animal and vegetable nature. The tree, from the seed to a mature age, preserves its identity through years and centuries. The "secret supernatural guidance," or infallibility of the church, is expressed by the phrase "the church can not err." She is supplied by the indwelling power of the Divinity, guiding her, with the authority and right to decide, define, depose, condemn. As new emergencies require new action on her part, without precedent perhaps, the power and wisdom comes upon her from her Divine Spouse, as needed for unerring action. Without foreknowledge of what her course may be, she yet decides with an infallible certainty and precision. She is directed and overruled in discharge of her mission for the protection of faith and cure of souls, in her entire policy and conduct, invisibly, by "secret supernatural guidance," which

watched over her development. The church bears testimony to original revelation, but not in the light of a mere witness. She claims more than perfect veracity. The witness, in our courts of justice, states his knowledge of the bare matter of fact, but is allowed to draw no inference or conclusion. That duty rests with the tribunal. The reviewer would degrade the inspired authority of "the pillar and the ground of truth,"—as if she did not discharge as well the offices of judge and jury, as that of witness,—judge, in decision and construction, jury in her exercise of discretion and judgment. The promise of freedom from error implies more than *telling truth:* It permits and sanctions the exercise of judgment, in an enlarged sense, in the discrimination of wrong, and the discernment of right.

I have prolonged my comments upon the article of Brownson's Review for July last, in review of Mr. Newman's essay, much farther than at the outset intended. They are thrown rather hurriedly and loosely together, but may aid in correcting misapprehension.*

I remain yours, very truly.

NEW YORK, July 22d, 1846.

* As an evidence of the mischievous use which the review is susceptible of, I find in the *Churchman*, of July 11th, the following:

"BROWNSON'S QUARTERLY REVIEW, *for July*, contains articles on liberalism, the confessional, transcendentalism, &c. The most curious, however, is a review of Mr. Newman's Theory of Development, which is strongly deprecated as Anticatholic and Protestant. Mr. Brownson's dread of it is evidently sincere. He well remarks that Mr. Newman's object to account for doctrines and practices in the church of Rome which were not there at first. But this is as a problem which he himself does not attempt to solve."

GREGORY XVI AND PIUS IX.

To the Editors of the Magazine:—If the following odes—one on the death of Gregory XVI, the other on the election of Pius IX—be worth publishing, you are welcome to throw them into a corner of the "Magazine." Some years have elapsed since I have held converse with the Latin muse. The classic theme demands a classic tribute, and, with all their defects, perhaps these lines may supply the place, for the present, of something better.—C. C. P.
NEW YORK, *August* 18th, 1846.

IN MORTEM S. S. PATR. GREGORII XVI.

ODE.

I.

EHEU! Pontifices nuntia tristia
Advenêre obitûs: flebilis occidit
Multis ille bonus Pastor; oves dolent,
Orbatæ vigili Duce.

II.

Fulgebat meritis, vivus, honoribus;
Cinctus tergemino nam diademate,
Terrarum Dominus, claviger et poli,
Christi gesserat hìc vices.

III.

Abscissum est avido Christiadum Caput,
Tam carum atque sacrum, funere: APOSTOLI
Successorque PETRI, cum Patribus suis,
In tristi tumulo jacet.

IV.

Nunc autem, exanimi quid superest, nisi
Sors cómmunis Adam mæsta propaginis?
Corpus exiguos in cineres redit,
Unde extraxit originem.

V.

Vivax, interea, Spiritus advolat
Coram sede sui Judicis et gregis;
Qui, sicut mereat, judicium feret
Æquæ Justitiæ tenax.

VI.

Nil prodest homini splendida dignitas
Post funus; tituli, divitiæ, nihil:
Virtus, prisca Fides, Relligio pia, et
Recti conscia mens, valent.

VII.

Ascendant, igitur, thura velut sacra,
Ante altare preces, ut maculis (manent
Si quæ fortè) piatis, spatio brevi,
Metam attengat Olympicam.

VIII.

Urbi orbique novum det Deus optimus,
Qui tot propitiam secla per ardua,
Vaticani habuit sollicitudinem,
Papam—utque GREGORIUS!

In Novum Pontif Pium IX.

ODE ALCHAICA.

I.

Audivit urbis sollicitas preces
Orbisque terrarum, omnipotens Deus:
Non, orphanorum more, liquit
Patre suos lacrymare dempto.

II.

Amisit almum Pontificem pia
Mærensque nuper Roma—Gregorium:
Colles videbantur dolere,
Et gemitu resonare Tibris.

III.

Verùm benignè tristitiam fugat
Pastor supremus, qui vigilat gregi
Nusquam relinquendæ, novumque
Orbe Pium dedit approbante.

IV.

Vinclum catenæ nectitur alterum
Illi sacratæ tempora quâ Petri
Nostris ligantur: trahiturque
Visibilis capitis majestas.

V.

Fidele Christi, cis mare Atlanticum,
Agnoscit agmen officium Patris,
Et dignitatem spiritalem
A Domino veneratur ortam.

VI.

Non sæculari subjicitur tamen,
Regi, aut potestati obsequium dabit
Cuicunque—libertate nactâ—
Sive Italos regit aut Britannos.

VII.

Ast quid Δυνάστην mirificam vetat
Laudare, post tot secla superstitem?
Quam nec vetustas, omnium edax,
Vertere barbariesve posset.

VIII.

Dignas supremo reddere Numini
Grates per orbem Christicolas decet,
Cujus præsaga mens secrevit
Pontificem officii capacem.

IX.

Virtute clarum et laude scientiæ,
Pulchrisque mentis dotibus; ex quibus
Romana regnum plebs secundum
Augurat, et sibi faustitatem.

DEATH OF THE RT. REV. DR. FENWICK,

BISHOP OF BOSTON.

WITH sentiments of deep regret we announce to our readers the death of the Rt. Rev. Dr. Fenwick. He breathed his last on the 11th of August, at half past eleven o'clock, A. M., in the sixty-fifth year of his age. Though his health had been for some time very precarious, still we were not fully prepared for the mournful tidings of his demise. But a few weeks ago we had seen it announced that this zealous prelate had delivered a religious instruction in one of his churches in Boston. We looked upon this as a happy augury of returning health, and began to hope that his promise of visiting his native Maryland this fall would be surely realized. In this we were mistaken, and what we considered as an evidence of partial convalescence was only another manifestation of that untiring zeal which death alone could arrest. One of the fondest wishes of his heart was to see once more his beloved Maryland before he died. Throughout his sickness Maryland was continually on his lips. He loved her for the many pleasing associations which her soil brought back to his memory—the home of his childhood, the spot where he vowed himself to the service of his divine Master, the field of many of his religious labors, the cradle of Catholicity in America, the first foe to religious persecution. Well might he heave a pious sigh to return, ere death, once more to her bosom.

Moritur et moriens dulcis reminiscitur Argos.

Yet great as was his filial regard for Catholic Maryland, it was fully reciprocated by the unbounded esteem which her citizens felt for so good, so accomplished, and so learned a prelate. Maryland was proud to call him a son; never had she a worthier. We shall never forget the last time but one that we saw this distinguished prelate. It was amid the ruins of the ancient city of St. Mary's. Thither had he pilgrimed from his see at Boston to unite his heart with his brethren in Maryland in celebrating the virtues of the first settlers of this colony. Though at that time infirm, and unequal to the fatigue of the procession, still did we see him with a joyous spirit, though feeble step, partaking in all the ceremonies of the day. His last public appearance in Maryland was at the provincial council convened in Baltimore in May, 1843. On that occasion Dr. Fenwick was appointed to deliver the opening discourse, and his sermon was admitted, by all who heard it, to have been a most happy effort, edifying for its Christian fervor and profound learning, and worthy of the high reputation of its author.

The Rt. Rev. Dr. Fenwick was born in St. Mary's county, Maryland, in the month of September, 1782. Having determined in early manhood to devote himself to the service of God, and to embrace an ecclesiastical life, he sought admission into the Society of Jesus, and entered the noviciate of that distinguished order on the 10th of October, 1806. The scarcity of priests in the United States at that time made it necessary to shorten the course of preparatory study for the priesthood. This circumstance, and the great proficiency which Mr. Fenwick had made in his theological studies, caused his ordination in the year following. In the year 1808, Father Fenwick was stationed in New York, and, with Father Kohlman, attended the only Catholic church at that time in the city. In connection with his pastoral duties in New York, Father Fenwick had charge of a boarding school with seventy students, which was in the vicinity of the city, and known then as "the New York Literary Institution." He remained in New York, devoting himself zealousy to the duties of his sacred office till the year 1817, when he was recalled by his superiors, and invested with the presidency of Georgetown college. Father Fenwick had not discharged the duties of this office more than a year when the Catholic church in Charleston, S. C., grew distracted by the dissensions of its members, and it became necessary to send thither some discreet and able pastor to check the unfortunate troubles which prevailed there. In the month of October, 1818, at the especial request of Archbishop Maréchal, he vacated the presidency of the college, and was sent to Charleston to quell, if possible, the unhappy differences which existed among the faithful. His success in this delicate mission exceeded the expectations of every one; he was there but a short while before harmony was perfectly restored, and all disputes happily reconciled. This was perhaps the most difficult situation in which Father Fenwick ever was placed during his missionary career, and the happy adjustment of the differences which, under the circumstances, he so speedily effected, must always reflect the greatest credit on his wisdom and discretion. Father Fenwick remained at Charleston till it was elevated to an episcopal see, when he was relieved from his charge by the arrival of the Rt. Rev. Dr. England. He remained a few months with Bishop England, and then returned to Georgetown college, and was again appointed president. After acting for a year in the capacity of president, he was sent to the Carmelite monastery in Charles county to take the situation vacated by the death of the venerable Father Charles Neale. He continued to discharge the duties of spiritual director of that order, until the mandates of the sovereign pontiff assigned to him a higher station in the church. On the 1st of November, 1825, in conformity

with the bull of Leo XII, he was consecrated bishop of Boston.

Since the time he first entered upon the duties of his see, what changes have not occurred in the Catholic character of the diocess of Boston? On taking possession of his diocess, the Rt. Rev. Dr. Fenwick had under his spiritual jurisdiction but two churches and two priests. He has left behind him one of the most flourishing diocesses in the United States. About fifty churches, and as many clergymen, a flourishing college, an orphan asylum, numerous Catholic schools, besides establishing a new bishopric out of that portion of the diocess consisting of the states of Connecticut and Rhode Island. "These are in truth," in the language of the Boston Pilot, "imperishable monuments of the energy and greatness of his mind."

Bishop Fenwick was remarkable for the kindness of his heart, and the cheerfulness of his disposition. He was easily approached, and was proverbial for those social qualities which are the peculiar charm of private intercourse. As to his mental endowments we can not do better, in speaking of them, than to adopt the language of the Boston Post: "He was a profound theologian, a learned civilian, a powerful preacher, a thoroughly read historian, and a sagacious and prudent counsellor in all that related to the interests of his church, and what he deemed for the welfare of his people. His talents for administration were of the highest order, and the progress of his church in this section of the country may be given as evidence of it."

For the account of his last illness, we quote from the eloquent tribute to his memory which the Boston Pilot has furnished its readers:

"Bishop Fenwick was endowed with a vigorous and healthy constitution; and had enjoyed uninterrupted health until about the middle of last winter, when, to the alarm and grief of his devoted children, who truly regarded him as their father as well as pastor, he was pronounced by his physician to be affected with an incurable disease of the heart. He was promptly informed that he must die, and that there was need to set his affairs in order without delay."

"He received the communication without betraying the slightest agitation or alarm. Nor did he neglect the warning voice; but immediately prepared himself to obey the summons of his Master whenever it should be issued. From this time his habitual cheerfulness never abandoned him for a moment, his attention to affairs never flagged, his regard for the interests and happiness of the humblest of his flock never ceased, till on Sunday evening last, when a sudden and manifest change was observed in him, and, feeling that the hour of his dissolution was at hand, he demanded the rites of our holy religion, which he received at the hands of the Rt. Rev. Dr. Fitzpatrick, his coadjutor, with a serenity and fervor that deeply affected, while at the same time it edified the clergymen and others of his household that were kneeling around, praying and weeping. His strength gradually failed him till Tuesday at half past eleven o'clock, when, with scarce a groan or struggle, he sweetly breathed forth his happy spirit into the hands of his Creator and merciful Redeemer. It is a coincidence worthy of remark, that the day of his decease was the anniversary day of the burning of the convent on Mt. Benedict. Thus the Lord chose to grant his servant rest from his sorrows and labors on the very day on which he had drank the bitterest chalice of affliction during the whole course of his apostolic labors. He retained his faculties and full consciousness until the last moment, and was continually occupied in uttering pious ejaculations, such as these: Most loving Jesus, have mercy on me; Jesus, zealous lover of souls, have mercy on me; into thy hands, O Lord, I commend my spirit; and the sweet names of Jesus, Mary and Joseph, were often on his lips."

"In the evening of the same day the re-

mains of the illustrious dead, clothed in the episcopal robes, were conveyed to the cathedral of the Holy Cross, and there exposed during the night, and the following day, to gratify the filial piety of the thousands who eagerly pressed to obtain a last sight of their beloved father. A large number tarried in the church all night, praying for the peaceful repose of the soul of the departed prelate. Among the multitudes that visited the body, we observed large numbers of our Protestant fellow citizens, some perhaps led by motives of curiosity, but most of them anxious to manifest their respect to the memory of the deceased. The kindness and Christian urbanity of the city authorities will never be forgotten. No sooner were they informed of the extreme illness of the bishop than they ordered the bells in the neighborhood to cease ringing, and caused all the streets and avenues leading to his residence to be blockaded."

"On Tuesday and Wednesday evenings, the office of the dead was chanted by the clergy of the city and vicinity in choir, who on Wednesday morning offered masses in the cathedral for the deceased. Solemn mass for the dead was celebrated on Thursday morning at eight o'clock, after which the body was conveyed* to Worcester to be deposited in a spot of ground selected by the late bishop himself, near the college of the Holy Cross."

"The worth of Bishop Fenwick never has been appreciated, as it will now be appreciated by his bereaved people. We have lost a father who tenderly loved us —a counsellor who wisely directed us—a pastor who vigilantly watched over us. The Lord gave him to us; the Lord hath taken him away from us; blessed be the name of the Lord. Let us imitate his virtues, and we shall share his triumph."

*"*The Funeral of Bishop Fenwick.*—The funeral of our late bishop was an immense one. There could not have been less than ten thousand persons in and about the church, during the morning of Thursday. Half the people could not gain admission to the church. The various Catholic Temperance societies in the city and vicinity were in procession. The bell in the Unitarian church tolled its mournful sounds during the services. Indeed all, both Catholic and Protestant, seemed to vie with each other in paying respect to the remains of Bishop Fenwick."

"Bishop Hughes of New York arrived in season to be present. All the clergy in the New England states, who received information of the melancholy event in season, were likewise present."

"Mass was celebrated by the Right Rev. Bishop Fitzpatrick, and the sermon delivered by the Rev. Mr. O'Brien, of St. Nicholas' church, East Boston, who was very much affected during the delivery of his eloquent discourse."

"The procession moved in the following order: John C. Tucker, Chief Marshal, the Rev. Clergy, and the Rt. Rev. Bishops Hughes and Fitzpatrick; Ass't Pall Bearers, Rev. Messrs. Flood, Fitzimmons and O'Brien; side of Hearse, Sisters of Charity and Orphans; then followed, with their banners, the Roman Catholic Mutual Relief Society, Young Catholics' Friend Society, St. Mary's Total Abstinence Society, Charlestown Mutual Relief Society, Father Matthew Temperance Society, St. Nicholas Temperance Society, Hibernia Total Abstinence Society, St. John's Temperance Society, Strangers invited by the Marshal, Citizens at Large."

"The procession marched through Federal into Summer, through Summer into Washington, through Washington into Beach street, to the Worcester depot."

"The streets were crowded. The utmost order prevailed throughout."

"When the corpse reached Worcester the procession was again formed, with the addition of St. John's Mutual Relief Society, of Worcester, the students of the College, &c. Nearly all the societies who accompanied the corpse went to Worcester."—*B. Pilot.*

INTELLIGENCE.

FOREIGN.

ROME.—*The late Pope.*—A letter in the *Dublin Evening Post* thus speaks of his late holiness: "Your English and Irish journals, I perceive, have been transcribing a paragraph from one of the French journals to the effect that his late holiness bequeathed an enormous sum (which lay to his credit at the Banco del Sancto Spirito) to his nephews at Belluno. This statement, if it be not a malicious fabrication, is at least a gross and silly blunder, into which no person at all conversant with Rome could have been betrayed. The late pope possessed little or no personal property, and the disposition which he made of that little is, like every other act of his public and private life, most honorable to his piety and to his heart.

"1. He bequeathed to the college of Propaganda Fide (of which he had been cardinal prefect) fifteen thousand crowns.

"2. To the Rione Borgo (the ward in which the Vatican palace is situated) three thousand crowns, to be distributed in dowries of fifty crowns each, to the daughters of the poor. This, I should observe, is a favorite work of mercy in Rome, and in Italy generally.

"3. To the nuns of the convent of Saint Antonio (for charitable uses) three thousand crowns. He left to several other convents similar legacies which I shall not specify.

"4. To Signor Gætano Morone, his principal domestic, (an old and trusty follower, and a man of great merit and considerable reputation in the literary world,) four thousand crowns, with a small life annuity.

"5. His books, a large and valuable collection, he divided between the Vatican library and that of his own old convent, San Gregorio. And his sole bequest to his family was his own private collection of models, pictures, and other objects of vertu. This statement you may rely on as perfectly accurate."

The Propaganda.—Extract from a letter of a private correspondent of the Charleston Catholic Miscellany.

"There are few—perhaps no institution in Rome, that possesses to a new comer any thing like the interest felt in the college of the 'Propaganda Fide;' and this interest increases more and more, as you become better acquainted with it. It may be appropriately called the moral centre of the Catholic world; the most remote nations on its circumference have a regular communication with that centre, through the students they send—to imbibe the qualifications and spirit of the priesthood, and who return to spread around the knowledge and the virtues they acquired—either in their own respective countries, or among the most distant strangers on the globe. I was delighted to find America honorably represented, and to see her students "go ahead" up to the very summit of the "hill of science." At a late examination, several young gentlemen were honored with a doctor's degree. Among that distinguished number is Mr. Cummings, who is not yet of age to receive the holy order of priesthood, and who is destined for the diocess of New York: Mr. Elder, who has been lately ordained, and who will return in a few weeks to the archdiocess of Baltimore: Mr. —— ——, a Pole, who goes shortly to the diocess of Pittsburg; and Mr. Chisholm from Kingston, Upper Canada; all but Dr. Cummings will leave for the United States, and will soon "launch out into the deep," and "become fishers of men." May their nets be full, and none of their penitents and converts ever drop into the broad deep sea of sin and death! There are several others from different parts of the United States hard at work, who will, no doubt, distinguish themselves. Among them are two from Charleston, Messrs. Carr and Ryan."

Canonizations.—During the pontificate of Gregory XVI, there were five canonizations commenced and concluded. The canonized were: St. Alphonso de Liguori, bishop of St. Agatha, of the Goths, and founder of the Redemptorists or Liguorians; St. Francis of Jerome, Jesuit missionary at Naples; St. Pacificus of St. Severinus; St. John Joseph of the Cross, and St. Veronica of Giuliani. The three last named were Franciscans. All five have died during the last century, and were

canonized by Gregory XVI, the 26th of May, 1839.—*Melange Relig.*

The Pope.—"It has been said," says the Constitutional, "that the new pope was a handsome man. The Ami de la Religion publishes a letter from Rome which states indeed that he unites in his person 'all the external qualities which delight the eye, and all the eminent virtues that make great popes.'"

His holiness has confirmed in their titles and functions the different dignitaries who formed the late pope's pontifical household.

A letter from Rome, of the 18th, says that when Cardinal Falconnieri came to kiss the feet of the new pope, his holiness said to him: "Your brother is in exile for a political cause; he may return."

All admit his singular amenity, amiability, piety, suavity, charity, firmness, and determination. The Univers says that a letter dated the 18th of June, from Rome, observes "that Pius IX is of middle size—his features are full of nobility; he recalls the graces of Pius VI."

In all the churches of Rome a novena was celebrated in honor of SS. Peter and Paul. The holy father was pleased to take a part in these religious exercises. He assisted every evening at the benediction of the blessed sacrament given by one of the members of the sacred college, at the church of Santa Maria in *viâ latâ*. Beneath this church are yet seen the remains of the house in which St. Paul dwelt for two years under the guard of the centurion, as related in the Acts of the Apostles. On the eve of SS. Peter and Paul, he proceeded in semi-public procession to the church of St. Peter. The cortège was composed of the sacred college, of the prelacy, of the patriarchs, archbishops, and bishops, of the Roman senate, and the *Guarde Noble*. His holiness went first to pray in the chapel of the Blessed Sacrament, and from thence to the altar of the Confession of the two Apostles. After this, having taken his place on the pontifical throne, he received the homage of the cardinals, the patriarchs, archbishops, and bishops; he then intoned the vespers. After the office, he blessed separately the Palliums which are kept on the tomb of the Apostles, SS. Peter and Paul, until they are granted to those who are promoted to the dignity of patriarchs, or of archbishops. On the next day he celebrated high mass on the papal altar situated above the tomb of the glorious princes of the apostles. In the evening the celebrated illumination of the cupola of St. Peter and of the colonnade in front took place with its accustomed splendor.—*Diario di Roma.*

On the morning of July 2d, the holy father went on foot, and accompanied only by two prelates and some few Swiss guards, to the church of the convent dell 'Unita, in which the feast of the visitation of our blessed Lady was celebrated. Few of the Romans remember to have seen a pope passing through the streets on foot; for the five popes who succeeded Clement IV never appeared in public except in carriages. The crowd, therefore, pressed eagerly around the holy father to receive his benediction. When he came out, on his return to the Quirinai, a burst of applause broke forth from all sides, and was redoubled on seeing his holiness take from the hands of a poor man a petition that he presented to him.—*Ibid.*

The pope continues to give, without the ordinary ceremonies, audiences to a great number of persons. His holiness passes even a portion of the evening in conversation with the various functionaries, whom he consults on the means of ameliorating the administrative situation of the pontifical states. Deputations are arriving every day from all parts with protestations of fidelity to the holy father.—*Augsburgh Gazette.*

His holiness, Gregory XVI, has bequeathed his rich collection of music to the Congregation and Academy of the Masters and Professors of Music of Santa Cecilia of Rome.—*Jour. de Bruxelles.*

The Abbess Macrina.—Two miraculous cures have been wrought during the last ten days by the prayers of the Minsk Abbess Macrina, Mr. Charles Weld and Mr. Stourton, which last miracle occurred two days ago. Both are attested in the most perfect manner, and are sufficiently marvellous to open the eyes of any doubting Protestant.—*Tablet.*

The Amnesty granted by Pope Pius IX.—"*Pope Pius IX to his most faithful subjects.*—Health and Apostolic Benediction: In the days wherein our heart has been profoundly moved by the public joy which our elevation to the sovereign pontificate has excited, we can not divest ourselves of a deep feeling of sorrow at the thought that not a few families among our subjects have been prevented from participating in the common joy, because, in the privation of domestic comfort, they en-

dured a great part of the punishment that some members of their families were deservedly suffering for having offended against the laws of social order and the sacred rights of their lawful prince. On the other hand, we have looked with compassion on many inexperienced young men who, although led away by deceitful fallacies into the midst of political tumults, appear to us to have been rather seduced than seducers. For this reason we have had it in our mind to stretch out our hand and offer peace of heart to those of our erring children who are willing to show themselves sincerely penitent. And now the affection which our good people have shown towards us, and those proofs of constant veneration which the holy see has in our own person received from them, have persuaded us that we may pardon without public peril. We do, therefore, ordain and decree that the early days of our pontificate be solemnized with the following acts of sovereign grace:

"I. To all our subjects who are at the present moment in any place of punishment for political offences, we condone the remnant of their sentence, provided that they make a solemn declaration in writing, and on their honor, not only that they will not in any manner, or at any time, abuse this favor, but also that they will henceforth faithfully fulfil all the duties of good subjects.*

"II. Upon the same condition shall be admitted anew within our states all those of our subjects who have been exiled for political reasons, who shall, within one year after the publication of the present decree, manifest in a becoming manner, through the mediation of the nuncios apostolic, or other representatives of the holy see, a desire to profit by this act of clemency.

"III. We equally absolve all those who, for having taken part in any plot against the state, now lie under the surveillance of the police, or are declared incapable of holding any municipal office.

"IV. We will that all criminal proceedings for offences purely political be curtailed or suppressed where a formal judgment has not already been delivered, and that the accused shall be freely discharged, unless, indeed, any of them should themselves demand the continuation of the trial in order that he may set forth clearly his own innocence, and recover his rights.

"V. We do not intend, however, that in the disposition of the preceding articles should be comprehended those very few ecclesiastics, military officers, and *employées* of the government who have been already condemned, or have fled, or are still under trial for political crimes, and concerning whom we reserve it to ourselves to take other resolutions according as the knowledge of their respective cases may enable us to do.

"VI. Neither do we intend that this grace shall comprehend any ordinary offences which may have been committed by persons condemned, imprisoned, or exiled for political crimes. For such offences we desire that the common law should be fully executed.

"We desire to believe that those who may avail themselves of our mercy will be careful in all coming time to respect our rights and their own honor. We also hope that spirits, soothed by our pardon, will endeavor to set aside the civil hatred which is always the cause or the effect of political passions; that thus may be truly united that chain of peace by which God wills that all the children of one father should be straitly bound together. If, however, we should be deceived in any of these, our hopes, in spite of the bitter grief which our heart would experience, we should always remember that if mercy be the sweetest attribute of sovereignty, justice is its first duty.

"Given at Rome, at St. Maria Major, on the 16th day of July, in the year 1846, the first year of our pontificate.

"PIUS, P. P., IX."

Effects of the Amnesty.—The following extract from the *Univers* will show the enthusiasm with which this act of grace has been received in Rome:

"Paris, July 25.—We have received the following in a letter from Rome, dated July 18th. Yesterday, from eight o'clock in the evening until midnight, Rome presented a spectacle the most magnificent, the most consoling, and the most novel. The eternal city, always so calm, so peaceable, and so unaccustomed to popular emotions, abandoned

* The following is the form of the required declaration: I, the undersigned, acknowledge the receipt of a singular favor in the generous and spontaneous pardon which the indulgence of the sovereign pontiff, Pope Pius IX, and my lawful sovereign, has accorded me for the part which I may have taken in any manner soever in the attempts which have disturbed public order and attacked the lawfully constituted authority in his temporal dominions, promise upon my word of honor not to abuse in any way, nor at any time, this act of his sovereign clemency, and pledge myself besides to fulfil faithfully all the duties of a loyal subject.

ST. JOHN'S SEMINARY
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